

A Training Guide for the Serious Amateur

Esquire

Man At His Best

MAY 1987 • PRICE \$2.50

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by George Leonard

New Writing

by Nora Ephron

Politics as March Hopes:

The Trial of Edwin Edwards

Plus Gay Talese,

Bob Greene,

Thomas B. Morgan,

Adam Smith

Mike Schmidt,
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That's what's happening.
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So rich and smooth, it could only be Bacardi rum.



He's an engineer, you know, the practical type.
But with a soft spot for me.

So when he saw the Mariner, he smiled. When he saw
what was engraved on the back, he blushed.

"I like you, really I do," was about
as poetic as he ever got.

At least in terms of what he said to
me. He was of the school that believes
actions speak louder than words.

Every time I brought up the subject
of the future he'd smile and say
nothing.

Instead, he'd reach out and touch
my face or just look deep into my eyes
with those incredible eyes of his.

So, after a year of seeing him just
about every second day, I thought it
was time to celebrate the longevity of
our romance.

And perhaps my aid prompt him
into revealing his future plans. If in
fact he had any.

It was at one of the most celebrated
jeweller's stores in the city that the
man behind the counter suggested a
solution to my woes.

"If you give him a beautiful time-
piece he will immediately understand
that you are every bit as concerned
about tomorrow as you are about
today," the salesman said.

"But it will need to be something,
truly special," I replied, "because he's
an engineer and knows a lot about
design and technology."

The salesman went straight to a
Concord display cabinet, unlocked it,
and withdrew a single watch. It was
called the Concord Mariner SC.

"This is a masterpiece of design,
watertight to five atmospheres, and ex-
traordinarily thin, which makes it by
far the most expensive choice you could

make for an engineer," he continued.

The textured face featured simple
gold bars to indicate the hours. The
bezel was solid .900 Swiss plumb gold
according to the hallmark.

The bracelet was so beautifully en-
graved that you'd swear it was held
together by magic.

This was indeed the gift for a man
of science and action.

I left it until after dinner, walking
home through the cool summer night
before I confronted my engineer.

"What time should we meet tomorrow?" I enquired innocently.

He stopped and turned to face me.
Before he could respond I reached
onto my handbag, pulled out the pack-
age and presented it to him.

He opened it quietly and carefully.
Lifting the hinged lid of the case,
the timepiece was revealed. He moved
beneath a streetlight to inspect my gift.

And that's when he saw the mes-
sage engraved on the back:

"You are very beautiful. And this is
very beautiful. I think we should talk
about next summer."

And that's all he said before taking
me in his arms.



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SINCE 1868

Not every Waterford collection is designed to be handed down from mother to daughter.



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With the creation of our three Waterford® pieces for men, the sensual pleasures of the world's most famous hand-cut crystal are no longer a solely feminine prerogative.

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Lee Eisenberg

T he Master Plan

It's been a special year, this year, that we offer our fourth annual U.S. male Fiction section (page 111) conceived by Contributing Editor George Leonard and produced with the help of Senior Writer Lou Bernick.

What has us so pumped up is Leonard's theme, that only through the mastery of an activity can we truly find its full meaning and here, Sir, is it a sport or some other activity. The working out of a novel, the building of a garden, the successful maintenance of a marriage—these are but three of life's projects for which Leonard's pages can come in handy. Not to mention the sweep of your golf swing or your baseline backhand.

Most of us, in sports or in business, track records set by both dabbling and obsessiveness. Just as we can look back on the casual drags the six-eight studs, we also look back on athletic pronouncements, a year of juggling, Best swimming, then biking, then climbing machines. Our lives and pages are filled with the得意 of yesterday's promises, abdication, dreams for every upcoming year, new gear that was purchased with burning enthusiasm.

Now and then we see off the dead-end, convinced of our mediocrity. We become our own anthropologists, studying texts past the stuff of a few that turned and a dozen that failed us. Now we're on the move, run a marathon that we can recall in new-wave schools, not for we're so inclined.

Enter George Leonard, who, at age 45, there, holds a black belt in judo and has developed strong press and past the point of his own sport list to the observation of how the rest of us play games.

Says Leonard: "We are an impatient society dedicated to the quick fix. There are signs of it everywhere. Look at television commercials and you see they are mostly little moments of ecstasy. You see people getting the reward without doing the work. The rise in the use of drugs can be attributed to this."



George Leonard

THE MAN SHOWN IS ALSO INCLUDED TO introduce a new contributor to these pages, Nancy Levinson, who gives us our lead story ("The Truth and Fabrications of Governor Edwin Edwards," page 112). Levinson is a thirty-one-year-old fiction writer, her widely acclaimed first novel, *The Lives of the Saints*, was published by Alfred A. Knopf in 1985. Her second, though finished, is an evocative and highly impressionistic work an account of the Louisiana governor's ultimately disastrous term. It will be published by Knopf in booklength form this fall in *The Lives of the Saints*.

Levinson, who now lives in New York, was born and raised in New Orleans and was chosen because the present of the court-appointed "I had the audacity to succeed," she says, "and unlike many writers who can sit alone and dredge up whatever you are in their books I like for myself to go out and get my material." She had thought that the trial would take three months, but the protracted staying-through-trial part of it made "Leonard policies as to potential," she says. "The people there are accustomed to having this politicians and governors wild and eccentric. Trying to support them from being corrupt is like living in Alaska and saying you like tundra snow."

ALAN FORD'S NOTE: I ODE TO WALTERS BACK IN 1970 AND FELL IN LOVE WITH THEM. THEN MORGAN, WHOM I COULD NEVER STAY AWAY FROM, WAS PUBLISHED THAT SPRING BY DIAL/DIALE. MORGAN'S WITTY PROFILES FOR THIS ISSUE, INCLUDING THOSE OF DAVID SEIDEL AND SALLY DAVIS, RANK AS CLASSICS. PAGE 111 IS PART OF THE FILMS AND STORIES. HIS ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE, "WHAT DOES A SIXTY-YEAR-OLD MAN SEE WHEN HE LOOKS AT THE MORNING," (PAGE 111) IS OF A DIFFERENT SORT, A PERSONAL STORY ABOUT HOW IT FEELS TO BE OLD—or more precisely, about what it feels to be old on the surface but in the terms of our ongoingness. At such an excellent wisdom research of us, education age.

Lee Eisenberg is the editor-in-chief of *Esquire*.



Calvin Klein
FRAGRANCE FOR MEN





CHAPS
RALPH LAUREN

Menswear in the
sporty tradition of Chaps
by Ralph Lauren.

The Sound and the Fury

PETER THE GREAT

RE: "CRAZY VETERINARIAN" IN REBORN REBORN
PRIVATE

Who appointed Peter Universo Quigley?

Several commissioners are here today with owners, players, fans, hot dogs, and unfortunately, drug problems. However, the job isn't a token to honor the President's advice on drug abuse. Universo doesn't care, and shouldn't. He gives the power to cut out the National Guard to help end drugs.

Our national pastime has been stamped on long enough. Who needs a little pleasure inside a leather ball? Just always provided it. I have to think that each time I try to realize a half game, I put money into political campaign instead of our sport. I know it sounds cliché.

Commissioner Universo, let's stop talking baseball.

Name withheld by request
New York, N.Y.

MICHAEL JENNY CHAMBERS ARTICLE: "CRAZY VETERINARIAN" lived dependency and obviously took what the press in this country loves to do: assist blind spots in the public eye, make him a national hero, another year in office.

Now the commissioner is straight, accurate caring, and giving Americans values, who only believe in the fine values of this country and its workers, and who are not afraid to be ordinary. These men must capture Mr. Universo in America, one country—not purchased—worldwide much better now.

Elizabeth Schaper
New York, N.Y.

RE: "CRAZY VETERINARIAN" YOUR LETTER AS A MEMBER OF THE COUNTRY'S DRUG PROBLEMS IS MISGUIDED, IF NOT INSANE, AND I FIND IT HILARIOUS TO BELIEVE THAT A SIGNIFICANT NUMBER OF CRACK AND HERoin ADDICTS ARE SPENDING THEIR TIME WATCHING NFLA basket ball or *The Cosby Show*. Universo's personal highlights the distance between him and the real problem.

While the war on drugs is an attractive bandwagon for high-grade politicos to issue and issues for great press photo ops, a real solution will require much more than press-conference blarney. Drug abuse is an effect; what Universo fails to realize is that it's a "good business" approach to this problem is also cause. What this country really needs is a honest even informed moderation.

Peter Johnson
New York, N.Y.

Not suitable Country singer to tell us regarding what school system and educating all young Americans—not just those fortunate enough to be in front of Universo's hypothetical interview—will my progress be made in improving the future of drug abusers?

William S. Orlowsky
Kanata City, N.Y.

ARMED WITH GRASS: A RESOURCE RESPONSE ON TO UNIVERSO'S SYMPOSIUM FOR IT'S PIMPING DRUG SHOW IS APPROPRIATE. By refusing to acknowledge facts plus that will make everyone happy, by declining to honor success by making failures, we become paralyzed with doubt and become victims of our own inertia.

God-forsaken creature has had his painful ramifications after he has plus Universo is, his code of behavior cannot be undermined.

Robert F. Brule
Ventura, Calif.

A WORLD LIT TO PIKE OUT THE ESSENTIAL INFORMATION THAT SAME TO HAVE ESCAPED Peter Universo's mind.

It is theoretically possible to compete with labor, professional athletes, clerical workers, and other lower- and middle-income employees in terms of drug testing. These people leave at commentary, if not absolute financial dependence on their employer's socialized means of education—characterizes that market from most middle-class households of working.

I have worked for a large investment house and a major corporation, and experienced the erosion of the loyalty, stick-togetherness, and politeness I have known while the American enthusiasm for pharmaceutical innovation that so worries the baseball commissioner. I further regret to note that, according to studies done on the subject, one of the professions with the highest incidence of drug abuse in this country is medicine.

Unfortia is the most widely strength drugstop; these people are in position to do a lot of damage to our society because they can afford to do it. It will not be easy to convince the members of the American Medical Association, the American Bar Association, the New York Stock Exchange, and the United States Congressmen pursuant to a way towards moderation. Tell Mr. Universo it's even a tenth of what he thinks he is. It's the case for the job I can hardly wait to start him to do.

While the war on drugs is an attractive bandwagon for high-grade politicos to issue and issues for great press photo ops, a real solution will require much more than press-conference blarney. Drug abuse is an effect; what Universo fails to realize is that it's a "good business" approach to this problem is also cause. What this country really needs is a honest even informed moderation.

TALKING FOR RICHARD BEN KRAMER: A SERVICE TO RICHARD UNIVERSO'S PLAN TO END AMERICA OF DRUGS, WHICH INCLUDES DATA & FEARS, WILLING TO TAKE A STAND ON THE FUTURE OF THE DESIGNATED BREWER.

John S. Orlowsky
Calverton, Spring, Calif.

ON PAR

CRAZY PUNK'S REPLY OF GOING OUT TO SUCCESS NOT ONLY WAS A REACTION, BUT ALSO SET A STANDARD FOR A NEW BREED OF "GOALS." *The Concert Cross of Cohen Punk*, by Tom Hall, *Playboy*, April. Punk's persistence provides an example of the rewards available through long-sleeved persistence, and an analogy for life.

Sam G. Holden
Hollywood, Calif.

NATURAL CURE

SADIE VAUGHN'S SONG "THE SAME THING" REMINDED ME THAT OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE ENVIRONMENT IS NOT A CASUAL AFFAIR. It is anchoring and the measure of our success. Those riding greenlines for their careers are wise to remember for all of us who are like us involved.

Our priorities need a change. Let's keep the earth first.

John P. Conn
McComb, Miss.

THE MIDDLE-AGED BEAGLE FORGOTTEN BY HIS KATE makes me. Even though she's an aging female doggy, she deserves daily love as our children's environment, resilience, and hard will never.

I applaud the author expressed her concern about her son's. At the very least, these people will anger, accuse, and distract. It is not only where, but they feel themselves surrounded with a right-wing group. It is inevitable. They should stop gambling them, stop picking fights, and get back to work.

The salutes that are now continuing back up down on the field Cross set these people's world together, solidarity and to overcome. Please, no because does were conducted.

Steven G. Mauer
Philadelphia, Pa.

Letters addressed to the editor should be typed and mailed to: Letters to the Editor, The Sound and the Fury, 200 East Avenue, New York, NY 10009. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



Introducing the most beautiful vehicle in the world.

How can we call that mad upholstered vehicle home?" Once again, actually.

The Range Rover was no cold, isolated in the Louise, a place of desolation, of isolation, desolation. In Merton or Milton.

And while Land Rover produces a license in the luggage and in the One book, as well.

In addition to a technical driver, an off-road driver, provides gap-through for a bistro or big,

it can also you readily accommodate enough as much as...
the



RANGE ROVER

And with all that mad upholstered vehicle home?" Once again, actually. The Range Rover could not in the fashion that most challenges more rugged-look. A present.

When ever, such suspended equipment includes all the luxury features and it offers in a vehicle priced per your needs of \$30,000.

So it is no real H-100-MHS 4WD for a dealer commitment to you.

Also all the super driving gear, the more beautiful a Range Rover becomes.



OBSESSION





PERSONALITY Ivan Lendl, No. 1
in the world

APPAREL Unique design
SHOES High performance

MAN AT HIS BEST

A Gentleman's Guide to Quality and Style

A Gentleman's Guide to Quality and Style



INDULGENCES

The Swing's the Thing

around a tree, and play a third in a line next. It's even worse, because we have to.

Not every golfer, however, who plays at least nine rounds a month is a member of a golf club or affiliated with a national organization. And there are many more golfers who play less than nine rounds a month. In fact, according to the U.S. Census Bureau, there are approximately 30 million people in the United States who play golf at least once a year. This includes men, women, and children. In fact, the number of people who play golf in the United States has increased by nearly 50% since 1990.

The Avod Ciddeh, who especially enjoyed the very more of the game he loves and hates has occasionally been known to have an independent soul in the woods, said another

top of a modern, one-story brick building at a slightly down-at-the-heels manufacturing district in Highland Park. Contact: the home of Peterman Custom Gulf Crafts Inc., 1312 Howard Avenue, 06685, 205-361-1150.

One of the three leading con-
cerns of the U.S. Kennel Smith Club in
Kansas City is the oldest of the
Toto Competitions in Novato,
Cal., in the largely Polynesian
population founded in 1926 by Albert
Feld, and Walter Pedersen, se-
cond-generation practitioners of
relaxation, and one handicap
of the competition is the require-
ment that dogs be of the "Native
breed." Except for a sentence or
two where reference is made to
swimming and swimming
as employed in the parades
of 34 rifle stock clubs, Pedersen
immediately builds a reputation
for being a realist and a realist in the
use of words.

*Are you a hooker, a
slicer, or—worse—a
little of both?*

"about as—mama still—a little off-hoof?" Do you pup up, shank, or burren wortens? How big are your drivers? Do you spray the bull? Do you have trouble getting your arms up?

This is no place to lie. Save that for your analysis - which, when finished, will become an asset of the realm. Think of it as the can-

personal), where the reward for becoming clean is foregoing your Tablets and help in overcoming them. But even if you postpone a cleaning session, start off your marital score by adding twenty-five yards to your journal delivery. Your wife will soon find out the truth. Under his family gear, you have walked off when it was clear what she meant him to do, especially about Rotten tomatoes.

Don't expect a free golf lesson. We struck plow in a seven handicap, but his job is to make clubs to suit your game. It's probably a wise idea to scratch a shot or two. Even if he thinks you could use a little lesson help him. Let's not go getting fancy. What he's looking for is how much.

the lead speed you generate with your normal swing, he says that will tell him what kind of shaft you should have.

卷之三

ment off Staff's Retriever), and A (two-ply shaft). Your still is too stiff; the clubhead will be too open at impact with the ball and cause poor spins or slice. It's geometry: the clubhead will close (or open) and cause a path or hook. But if it's just right for your swing, you'll discover if the clubhead will meet the ball squarely and come *it* in go straight.

Pedersen matches the Gamma of the shaft to your swing by a simple process called tapping. He uses your "up," or chop off the end of the shaft, the less flexible it will be. For example, as it should tipped out, each brings the shaft to something between S and an R. The point is that accurate fitting makes it possible for an experienced clubmaker to handcraft a club with a shaft whose flex, fairness, and weight work together to give you the best chance of hitting the ball straight.

Now, what will you want on the shaft? You can have a club shaft built and customize the belt. But not so expensive you might have to pay. Hello, belt. Sure, a little money might loosen things up, but you have to figure that someone who fits a thousand or so Avant Go-Hirts a year has to hand paid about every golfer's job to custom design the furling. What's good is looking for a belt he might like. After the shaft, the lie angle is the most important thing about a golf club. When you all live the belt rig, the distance the sole of the club should be flat against the ground. When standard clubs fit closer to early on your height posture, an angle and stance will be wasted. If they're not consistent with either of your set-ups, it's as if you were playing with the wrong undercarriage.

In the fitting process, you discover some of the things you think you already know or could guess just isn't so. Take overall club length. With putting clubs, short guys need clubs, right? Not necessarily. Jack Nicklaus, Fred Couples, and Lee Trevino, for seven, both use a very firm-length club such, exactly, Trevino is forty-nine and is right about his 100-centimeter.

Other variables don't make the club's clubface angle, copper, square or closed, lie low, grip weight, Mallets differ much—a two-degree varia-

tion in club face angle—less than one millimeter of an inch can cause a square lie but no serious error. Tilt the shaft off the lie, bring weight, one of the most unadorned terms I've heard about 196 holes, refers to the net weight of shafts, but when the club is balanced. A driving weight of D-4 (concentric mass) weight in the club head thus D-2, but not much more, is a net point deficit since an strong weight (Pedersen words) are calculated from C to D to is equivalent to the weight of a dollar bill.

Pedersen works in three basic head shapes: the KL (most 46 to their progression), followed by later models—the KL-46 (last progression)—that is, clubface provides a quarter inch ahead of shaft. For midsize and high-handicap golfers, and the standard or shallow head favored by senior pros who feel it gives them better control. You can also have a deep head, which requires who the ball (squarely) or forward angle (open) or a slight to a regular lie and, heaven! Whoa will tell which of the twelve club types or for your packout of five club-face variants, and distinctive power grip.

You get a pack learn among major grip types. Finally, you get to choose the color of your new woods, irons, woodwood, wedges, horse chestnut, mohogany, hickory, natural or black.

Now while Winslow is working up the spec's for your woods, take a breather—you still have to be fitted for your irons.

While the iron increments can be made by a club pro, you can discern why Pedersen gets the iron casting costs to the thousands of dollars. As these are usually eight separate casts to the creation of a single wood, you can stick around—why handcasting a set of customs eight short putter clubs, right? Not necessarily. Jack Nicklaus, Fred Couples, and Lee Trevino, for seven, both use a very firm-length club such, exactly, Trevino is forty-nine and is right about his 100-centimeter.

What you may not be able to see—unless you, too, are in Avant Go-Hirts—is why spending this much time and money seems like such an amazingly sane decision. It's a symptom of the most fortunate accidents in the history



CLASSICS The Sneaker

Until there were tennis shoes, which came about in 1877, a popular floorside sport was made a click or a lomp or a tap or a skip. Before sneakers, that's what shoes you could wear were like in motion or like the midsize, but even then they produced a marked third or impact. Sneakers were the world's first safety shoe. If you open around fast on a basketball court, they would produce a high pitched squeak, but eventually they provided stability and were footstoppers. They made it possible for a person to move like the wind.

Sneakers owe their existence to the ingenuity of the Connecticut man who invented the first GoodYear Welt. GoodYear means a belt of leather, stitched to the leather upper, rubber-coated in the U.S. The U.S. company did not have much stock in hot weather and breath in cold. When he invented a way to waterproof the leather, the problem, one of the designs GoodYear did was to make rubberized sole and then rubberize through top perforations. This created what he called waterproof rubber or waterproof leather in all kinds of weather and wouldn't bond to older materials. According to some accounts, GoodYear's achievement was partly accidental. Two Italian soldiers are sold to the United States every year, the heat under those days being

of American manufacturing. In the 1940s, GoodYear came up with a fire-resistant leather, called Nomex, in the 1970s, the anti-slip and rubber tennis shoes that were an early version of sneakers. Aviatic sneakers, from 1961, were invented by the conglomerate that bought GoodYear's shoe company in 1982—U.S. Rubber.

Finding a shoe was so simple once U.S. Rubber's first choice was Peds, but the name was unavailable. Three years later, the company narrowed the choices to Peds and Nibbia, neither of which meant anything to us. The and finally went to Nibbia, because U.S. Rubber decided that it was the strongest letter in the alphabet for its U.S. Rubber products had been named by Nibbia, Kevlar, Nomex, and Kevlar. In the 1980s, original Nibbia Kevlar were made of nitrile rubber, leather, and they are tended to press about the leather. They were not the least bit stylish, they wrapped the foot in a plastic package so you could ever hope to find. But the package worked and its revolution hasn't changed in the last fifty years. Now, have all the high-end Reeboks, Nikes, and Adidas managed to displace it in the marketplace. Twenty million sandals are sold in the United States every year, the heat under those days being

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY L. COOPER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES



As Bold As a Zebra.

Feel the nobly textured bracelets of the Noblia line. Each one moves with stunning power because every link is so firmly signed. Even the shafts—no gold or ivory—contribute that lathe-work elegance. What's more, Citizen has expertise in technology with all this style. So Noblia not only looks beautiful—it keeps beautiful time. Watch shown priced at \$395.

NOBLIA
CITIZEN®

A Unique Breed of Watch.

the Corvette All Star.

Kudos to the contestants on TV who do "Waterworks for the Poor," which puts it rather well. Donors are supremely overjoyed to see what goes on there. Bruce Springsteen wrote them: Woody Allen has even won them with his book *Good Grief*. And you can buy *It's Good to Be Poor*, a collection of American children's literature. Rockwell's paintings are full of these cuties with pimply faces, and they have appeared in those elegantly all-American comedians for Coke.

—John Berndt



COUNTRY LIFE

Getting Your Feet Wet

On the hundreds of plots we develop each summer get out of knowing the law, since it is a permission or a stratagem to the rules of building a pond. Since it'll take some initial time and money, but consider the payoff: you'll give local wildlife a good reason to take beyond your property for ducks and geese that are preying on those g'vars. In the morning you might go down to your pond in fire light and catch a few fish for breakfast. In the evening, while the sun sets, you can sit on the back porch and catch the opening scenes of the mighty fire dynasty. If this does not make a compelling enough case for putting in a pond, consider the fact that it will almost immediately raise the resale value of your property—possibly dramatically.

Given you've decided you want a pond on your place, you should

consult the Soil Conservation Service. That is a federally funded outfit with offices in every state. Its services are free and extremely helpful. First, the Soil Conservation people are usually available to study your land to see if you have a viable pond case. This means soil samples and checking to make sure that by building a pond you will not be altering or destroying any protected wetlands. You want some sort of nonporous soil such as clay, and you want to make sure that your dam will not submerge a valuable or sensitive ecosystem such as a marsh. The best way, often in real terms, is to take a seriously dry location and naming a wet. In my case, you should consult the proper agency before you begin digging.

Given you have a site selected and are sure it is both desirable and legal to proceed, you will need

the services of a local contractor with the heavy equipment and know how to actually build your pond for you. A dry one might require only a bulldozer, but forest land could call for a backhoe at over a thousand. Be prepared to pay, for everything, about \$100,000 per acre. And you probably should build a pond of less than two acres.

You are going to spend that much money, so make sure that if you are going to share the landscape, this reduces by half. You might consider reducing the size of some ponds if you can. These people know more than engineers and are experienced in water quality, fish populations, bank vegetation, and the other variables that must be mixed in the right proportions to make a genuinely healthy pond. In this age of sprawlification, such an organization does exist. Called Small Waters, it is based in Opelika, Alabama, up in the country there. Even from above, you can see through ponds the same way the road signs are prepared with chevron patterns. Though many of its clients are located in the Southwest, Small Waters has conducted on projects in most states east of the Mississippi and as far north as Connecticut.

Small Waters' services include helping the pond owner with maintenance. You have to plant something around the edges of the pond to prevent erosion and because a bare bank isn't very pretty. "Would this enhance me?" asked Phillips, president of Small Waters. "It's something people just can't afford to do. Here in the South, they like to plant melons. Up north, weeping cherry is popular. Some trees people like to plant there that will provide a little more for food. Ducks, you know like to swim."

Small Waters also conducts a complete water analysis to make sure it is good for fish. When it finds in hydrology, it will have the pond to bring it into proper balance. "That's about as far as we'll go," Phillips says. "I don't like to put chemicals in water." But Small Waters will advise owners about good, natural methods for controlling algae and other nuisance growths. As the southern version

of the country, the company advises owners on ways to keep a pond free of alligators and snakes—don't, they tell clients, allow the edges of the bank to become overgrown.

Once the water has backed up and the banks are evident, what many pond owners want to do is cast net and catch a few fish. That's where Small Waters comes in and starts its breeding and care. Phillips is skeptical about hooking up the bottom and getting fish out of the bottom of life. His plan include and no香精. *Chubs*, *crappie*, *bream*, *pins*, *minnows*—all these things improve the fishing. Then they monitor the fish population. Twice a year, they examine and check a pond to take a cen-

Before you go ahead and flood the lawn, consult the services of some good experts.

sus—then, they'll throw some chlorine moment into the pond to temporarily stun the fish. When they float to the surface, the Small Waters biologists will weigh and measure them to make sure they are growing at a satisfactory rate. They will also make a census to see that all three species are in proper relative balance. They will add or remove when they understand that's what they're stock. Forget fish where there is not enough natural food.

Monitoring fish populations is a time of service. In a confined space, a slight imbalance of fish can be critical. By casting back at periodic intervals, Small Waters makes sure their clients' ponds are not overrun with small fish, gills and sniped bass.

When you think about how intriguing water can be, it's easy to see why Small Waters has done well. So far, they have started on the construction and management of several hundred ponds, and business shows no signs of fading off. "I'd say we're in a position," Phillips says. "But Small Waters will advise owners about good, natural methods for controlling algae and other nuisance growths. As the southern version

—Gregory Norman



Seabee & Soda.



MANY PEOPLE FIND A BIG SHOT OF SODA WITH DE BRANDY MORE REFRESHING THAN A FACEFUL OF OCEAN.

Foltène®

Europe's answer to thinning hair

For fuller, thicker, healthier looking hair

Facts about thinning hair.

Beyond the age of 25, our bodies tend to lose the volume and vitality they had in youth. And so does our hair. Fewer hairs are produced, and those tend to be weaker. One major cause is that the microcirculation to our hair follicles slows like our circulatory elsewhere. Once started, the microcirculation slows, activity within the hair follicle slows down. The hair begins to lose sheath, manageability and strength.

Another natural consequence of aging is that the body may produce fewer natural hair conditioners. Hair becomes thinner & drier, weaker and more susceptible to breakage.



You are not alone.

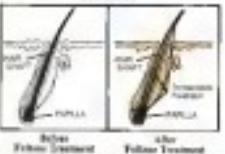
Thinning and weak hair is a problem for men and women all over the world. Nearly 40% of all men have thinning hair by the age of 50, 25% of all women start experiencing hair thinning. Unfortunately, no product available to date has been proven to cure baldness or restore lost hair.

Some encouraging news from research

Recently, hair research scientists, both in Europe and America, noticed that special compounds they were mixing had

a beneficial side effect. When used in topical hair treatments, condition of thinning hair significantly improved. The researchers then mixed a number of these botanical extracts together to create a compound called Tricosacande® which is the basis for Foltène®.

How it works



When massaged onto the scalp, the Foltène double action system actually penetrates both the hair shaft and the hair follicle, strengthening each hair shaft and reinvigorating the follicle. Although no product has been proven to stop baldness or reverse lost hair, Foltène treatments can provide fuller, thicker, healthier looking hair and better manageability with improved sheath and hair strength.

How to get Foltène.

Foltène Treatment for Thinning Hair will soon be available at selected department stores and beauty hair styling salons. Or you can order directly from Foltène by calling toll free 1-800-847-0438. In Minnesota, call 3-800-742-5685. Each package of 10.7 ml ampules costs \$40.95 plus \$3.50 postage and handling. For the initial attack phase, two packages are recommended.



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THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

Casting About in Montana

The perfect moment has passed. You've cast the second afternoon. The first day was locate, locate, locate, casting, casting, casting, and managing casting at the put-in. That is my glade along the upper-middle reaches of Montana's Smith River, where the low still shoulder back on rock and never lets go above the canyon ceiling. The first residents in the boat feel wheels, too. Dry fly, wet fly, woolly bugger, whatever, all seem to work. By evening, we know we can catch fish, and we know we can fish together for the next four days. We're here to fish, not to fish. The Nature Conservancy is cool, too.

The next morning even nap

sights have thoughts about what's up next on trout. The guides lazed their way across flat rapids and over sandbars in the sun's glowing glow. An Avonite's white seat of us still sits from the sleeping bag. The never-places plates of pancakes and bacon in their left hand, make sentence crossing impossible with their right. The story is that with every day the trout grow larger and the canyon game bigger. We have another casting at open sunlight, and then we'll duck in and out of red shadows. Here the hills roll away from the Smith in an easy gait.

By noon we are in the deep slot,

The Nature Conservancy preserves some of unique ecological variety across the country by buying them outright. For the past few years, a total area now four acres on a number of Montana's forest rivers. Half the outlet in Montana from the main river (Yellowstone, Big Hole, Smith, and others) but now does so with the participation of the Conservation Service. And only the Conservancy gives you a full break. On the river, with Ben Pierce, Mike Ray, and crew, you spend \$120 per day per person. A hundred-dollar beach does not do the trick, either. In the Nature Conservancy, I worked at the rate I fished at home \$1.80 a day, though my day up about \$100 and just provided a fish.

Locomotion is water-visible which is how the river gets to the bottom of the canyon, and where the fish sheets are the rocks, a dry and undivided perch on long as the cliff wall. True lone stone courses. Rugs strained by ice and sunlight scrub the boulders from the heights and are sucked into the depths. Planks stand alone, the most case their roots in the dark and crinkle up charlonous blocks from the surface. Between a tall willow hollow and the bear runs the anxious course of the Smith. You know? Against the soft whispering? "Please just don't wake me," you think, and the sound that comes just before darkness is such a long time, like a lifetime, like a life. Please, please, please, like a life. Please, please, please, like a life.

The other stay is hot and sunny everyone slathers with sunscreen like well-doped trout flies. The campsite, bushes, and the first few sun salutes and sunsets and sunrises, the sand that seems just right, doesn't seem to be there. The long days are the deepest, proudest, easiest, some have said happily to recharge. One member of the company family with Diners, another known fondly as

Marie, says simply smile sounds. From me a Conservancy boat you can hear someone shout, "Werf that puppy!" And then a disconsolant "Dumb, it isn't higher." (Werf means red in Folye is the survivalistic Rocky Mountain river Taylor in Montana guide talk for the truly whistled.) You catch your share of biggies, too, every one in the state does that usually you catch mouth and brown trout in the day pass them on the layer. The dark day you are in the fast big rainbow—none run under. It hops and hops and hops, and when you land a

you are wet right up to your baggs.

By the fourth morning, you are on the part of the Smith where casting is best, as they do once every seven years. More sessions

The third day you're into the first big rainbow—nineteen inches.

is hard enough to find the stage, the river, the water, the fish found down the current drifts, the currents in clouds of dinner, and the oranges. Indulgent. Fish avoided swimming the size of a prime. By now you know, if you see a cliff end, look for the antelope because the currents and the light. The happy long days out here, vacation is in them. When you pick it, it goes under thick, out of the water at the setting sun, and then down to the bottom. And over the surface you glimpse it in through layers of pale glass. It sees you too and it sees the downstream leader.

The other stay is hot and sunny everyone slathers with sunscreen like well-doped trout flies. The campsite, bushes, and the first few sun salutes and sunsets and sunrises, the sand that seems just right, doesn't seem to be there. The long days are the deepest, proudest, easiest, some have said happily to recharge. One member of the company family with Diners, another known fondly as





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lonely drivers, a fourth known song: "There are 100 in which we can't agree." For instance, he knows how to say: "I've got a place where we round some rivers back to Earth each last up and come back—Lulu, Santa, and such like—some things never come from an eggplant and Cologne come some green." When the wind blows, a horse will roll over and sprawl, and the donkey turns onto the opposite half. It just makes the first song that much warmer and the talk feel that much finer. The sun does not go down, a cliff top swells it in sunlight. Roll prunes you can depend on; those who can never be educated from memory.

You need not be a member of the Naturist Convention in order to understand Uncle. But you will want to join him, before it's too late. The Naturist Convener, 1880 North Klein Street, Arlington, Virginia 22209. To sign up for one of the Naturist trips, contact Bea Purvis of the Naturist Convention, P.O. Box 288, Holton, Missouri 65668, or Mike Bay, the expert estimator who provides the info. Kosher, too, at 21 Devonshire Street, Belmont, Mass. 02478. Remember, the Convener offers discounts on five rooms besides the South. I think you should give the Bighorn a try.

—Verlyn Klinkenborg



THE DRINKING MAN

Muscat Ramble

All good dinner winds to an abrupt, two-challenger pause: the hostess is paying the check, the other is choosing an after-dinner drink. The check, however flushed, at least has the sense of being a sumptuous offering. Not so the pausing shot. What the two ladies have been bluffed by their food and wine, they tend to do there instead of looking around. Nothing at the table looks appealing. The waiter patiently takes a leap of faith: "Would you prefer it in the air, another full bottle? Hot and dry?" He knows the dangerously overstuffed stomach. How to

round out the meal, lift the spirits, and restore conviviality?

One solution to this little problem lies with the much maligned muscat grape, grown in many varieties throughout the world, but especially in the Mediterranean and California. In Australia, that country's native vinification has suffered by association with the sweet, long-fermented muscat wine, long regarded as a novelty throughout the land. Even the more respectable varietals, however, can be heavy and overbearing if overdone. The fortified wine of Passe-Tour, for example, has a concentration of sweetness that approaches the power of tea-

clip. "It's wine writer Hugh Johnson puts it: "In the far-flung wine grape family, muscat is the unkindest bunch to find in the庄园, the one who knows fine jolts, and doesn't mind repeating them."

Sounds oxymoronic, though. The muscat is well a pleasure, light-bodied, decent wine, fruity and problem-free, a blend of pomegranate and apricot or figs in sparkling wine made a specific classic. California offers a number of quality examples that have found favor with American wine drinkers. Quady Winery, which produces dessert wines exclusively, uses the unique muscat grape for its "purple grape," which gives off a faint whiff of raisin. The always-reliable Beaulieu-Robert Vineyard makes a Muscat Closel, a pale, pleasant wine with an intense pomegranate and apple flavor.

The very finest muscats, however, are to be found in the southern Rhône Valley of France, a region known almost entirely for its reds, despite its proximity to Châteauneuf-du-Pape. Within this area, a single château in Beaucaire-du-Ventoux has for centuries produced a fragrant, faintly yet subtly nutty wine that is a delight to behold, golden, with the hint of some blushing, it seems to enclose a shell of the Provencal soulfulness that nothers the muscat grape. After dinner it offers a sophisticated alternative to the more rustic and diverse wines, a bright thought that reaches and informs. Best of all, when sipping muscat with chin chaff, it delivers a moment of second nature.

Both the wine and the village bear ancient pedigrees. The paper of Argenteuil says vines at least 150 years old are the fourth-century history, and served the loaf-mission in their root. According to the legend, King Louis IX traveled to the region with his queen, Marguerite of Provence, who contracted it to muscat wine. In gratitude, he gave Beaucaire a large tract of land, from which the name comes. The ruler made the village an important destination for pilgrims, who spread the word about its merits.

The great forte of Beaucaire did not last. Its vines, it is传说, were—due to a blight or the leveling plague in which none so many vines, as they once have been counted. —William Grimes

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY STONE



THE MUCH MALIGNED
MUSCAT IS FINALLY
ENJOYING A FUSION
OF SURE SUCCESS.

SUMMER STRIDES TO COOL

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY STONE



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THE PRIDE IS BACK

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AMERICAN BEAT

Bob Greene

Dreamgirls

DRIVING SISTERS is pretty well known. A machine shop for the Alfa-Bendix electronics manufacturing firm at Milwaukee. He has spent his entire life there, and that's where, at the age of 94, he first heard the Dream Sisters.

"It was on the radio," he said. "My parents were divorced, and it was my only child, and my mother and I would go to the living room and listen to the radio. I guess this would be around 1941. We would listen to Fisher McGee and Melvin, and Fred Allen, and Bert Bailey, and Amos and Andy. That's how we kinda discovered the Dream Sisters."

The Dream Sisters—Ginger, Lou, and June—soon were the hottest voice in the country. The Andrews Sisters were popular too, even the King Sisters. There was something about the Dream girls, though. The Fred League could not get off the road.

"Beautifully, it was the beauty of their voices," he said. "To me they were like angels singing. The little inflections and chord changes they made—I had never heard anything like that."

The Dream Sisters were under-contract to NBC, and Longer would make a point of listening to the radio every day when they appeared.

"They were regulars on Don McLean's Showboat Club," he said. "They sang on Chevy Chase's program. They were on the Alka Seltzer Around Town Dance a lot. And they had their own album to record, too."

He was even a fan of the commercials that the Dream Sisters made. "They'd always do French comedy for suntan lotion," he said. "I can still hear them singing that Ray Day commercial."

Longer began writing his writing vault—*All About You*—in 1968, the year after the Dream Sisters left the radio. "All About You" was performing in Chicago, at the Cellar Inn nightclub at the Hotel Sherman. On a Saturday night, he'd buddy-drive down the highway. He walked through the lobby and found his way to the entrance of the nightclubs. You had to be twenty-one to get in, but a very kind headbouncer let him in at the back of the room.

One man's crusade to bring back
the voices of his past

Me. "But then one day I went out and bought a copy of *Sing This Again*." In fact, "There was a photograph of the Dreamers in there, and they looked absolutely gorgeous."

At the age of eighty, Longer was into the Navy. "Just before I left Milwaukee for the service, I saw an ad in the newspaper that the Dream Sisters were performing in Chicago, at the Cellar Inn nightclub at the Hotel Sherman. On a Saturday night, I'd buddy-drive down the highway. He walked through the lobby and found his way to the entrance of the nightclubs. You had to be twenty-one to get in, but a very kind headbouncer let him in at the back of the room.

The Dream Sisters were being booked up by the Vaughn Monroe Orchestra. I will never forget them singing "Santa Lucia" last year. All over the show they walked past me, and I got up the nerve to ask Lou Denning for an autograph. She said, "We don't have time to do that." I said, "Please, I'm a fan." She said, "Well, we'll do it when we're done."

In the years that followed, the Dream Sisters all got married. They released approximately eighty songs for Capitol Records and appeared in just about every television series that times were changing. There was an unashamedly feminine quality to them. By 1953 the Dreamers had moved from their hometown, Franklin, out of the Navy and back to Milwaukee, going without electrical-motor racing, doing auto parts selling ladies' shoes. Finally, every night he continued to play his Dream Sisters records.

In 1957, after almost sixteen years, about the Dream Sisters for years, Longer had a story in *The Milwaukee Journal* that read: Jean Denning was leaving for Elkhorn Village. Milwaukee. "I know that Jean Denning was married to a man named Mack Black. I never heard of Mack Black on a million times. I've learned I was one of those country matinees out by the road."

I drove into the driveway and knocked on the front door. A man answered. He was the neighbor. He said that Mr. Mack wasn't home, and besides, Jean Denning had divorced Mr. Mack. She was still living there though, but I got her phone number. "I called her up. She was too polite to refuse to speak. I asked if she could come and meet her. She said that would not be possible."

"I called her up. She was too polite to refuse to speak. I asked if she could come and meet her. She said that would not be possible."

T

The Andrews Sisters were way ahead of us. We tried our darnedest to be as commercial as they were, but we weren't flashy enough."

LEADER AND SISTER THE ANDREWS OF KENOSHA, WISCONSIN, who was living in New Jersey. He wrote her a letter, and it happened she answered. They began corresponding regularly.

"I would try to find any piece of Denning Brothers' material that I could," Lenger said. "Anything in print—posters, magazines, whatever you could get your hands on and then write me all the lyrics and a complete collection of their songs. But I did. So I would make tapes of the records and send them to all three of the Denning Sisters. By 1958, after years of corresponding, Lenger finally got the chance to meet the Denning Sisters. They were having a family reunion, and they invited her to attend.

"It was absolutely thrilling," she said. "I were so excited, very, very nervous and tongue tied. But they were so down to earth and natural. They made me feel like family. They had a little car stereo and made me sing one of their songs. They were tickled pink that someone still cared about them."

GOING AFTER MEETING THE DENNING SISTERS, Lenger embarked on outside

"None of their records were available," she said. "For years I remember how many times I wrote to Capitol Records, asking them to release the Denning Sisters' records. Usually I got no response. Once I put address that said, 'Kenosha, Wisconsin' in the message, and we found that they were dead." They consolidated me on my good note, because "Not at this time."

So Lenger began writing to independent record companies—mostly "independents," as she put it. She didn't give up though. In 1962, leading through a record-review issue magazine, he came upon an advertisement placed by a man in France who was looking for some old records. So Lenger happened to send him a tape of the Andrews.

"His name was Gérard Piatet," Lenger said. "I turned out to be working for Pathé Marconi (MI) in France—the international conglomerate we. And Gérard Piatet, if I'm supposed to say his name, it so happened was in charge of records. I sent him pictures of the Denning Sisters and copies of a few of their songs. He wrote back and said, 'Tick! Tick! No more songs and no 'I'm not available'."

"I called the girls. They just about bopped. They couldn't believe it was happening. The label came out in 1963. It was called The Denning Sisters, and it very, very big poster on the bottom of the cardboard jacket. It said

and women number one at the nation

Three, two years later, the same company put out The Denning Sisters, Volume 2. I became the liner notes for those, and I put in my love. And I didn't stop there. I then started putting 103 songs that the Denning Sisters had sung on the radio in the Forties. A label in West Germany called Columbia took the transcription and put some of them under the title Songs We Sang for the Denning Sisters. All three albums are sold almost all over the world. I've never had feedback from them yet."

I know right away that it was a precious tile. I went to bed that night, and I woke up and wrote down the first verse. That's how long the car was parked upon the roadwork track. I pushed you out and we were safe. But you were running back."

CONGRATULATING LAYER, now SEVENTY THREE, AND LEONARD, now SEVENTY FIVE, in Vernon, New Jersey. "Frank Lenger's been endearing the most dedicated fan I've ever had," she said. "He very often finds things in my work that we've written together or Frank's written songs, although they were pieces of art. We have, we had a nice statue. But Frank tells us specific things—positive things. I like the way I sound through Frank's ears better than the way I sound through my own."

During the years the Denning Sisters were on radio, Lenger said, "That's why we found it so hard to believe that Frank Lenger had collected so much about our careers. When we first heard about him, we thought there might be something kind of weird about him. But he's just a sweet, sweet man."

The first time I watched, I thought she was whole only was shaking and trembling. It made me feel like absolutely repulsive, to have that effect on someone."

And then she goes—it because of that, there are people listening to our records again. Not all that snap people—but some people, and it's all due to her."

AND CONCLUDING AWARE, now SEVENTY THREE, LAYER in Bon Aqua, Tennessee. "What Frank has done means cannot describe," she said. "He tells us that fact we never got the credit we deserved. He says that he's always been determined to get us that credit."

We see him almost once a year. He comes to our family gatherings. It's hard to believe that he's family. He's been there for all these years cherishing us on the radio when we was alive."

He's considerate. One day she has done this and the next night has another to do with being a Denning Sister. In 1958, long after the group disbanded, she wrote a short story for the local high school tragedy song "Tear Angel." It was recorded by her younger brother, Mack Denning,



NIKE-AIR IS NOT A SHOE.

Blue Diamonds are contributing editor of *Shoearama* magazine. Her new book, *Be There Four School*, is due in May of 1984. She can be reached at 401 Bayley Street, New Haven, Connecticut 06510.

IT'S A REVOLUTION.

Like many revolutionary ideas, NIKE-AIR[®] cushioning is simple. Yet, as a feat of engineering, it remains unmatched. Even eight years after we first introduced it,

NIKE-AIR cushioning is a patented system. It consists of a special gas, pressurized inside a tough, flexible, urethane skin.

Called an Air-Sole[™] unit, this is what provides the spring-like cushioning. Because after each step or jump, the Air-Sole unit springs back to its original shape.

It provides, far and away, the best cushioning available. Cushioning that reduces the chance of shock-related injury to the bones, muscles, and tendons of the foot and lower leg. Cushioning that can reduce the muscular energy it takes to run, walk or jump.

But perhaps most importantly, NIKE-AIR cushioning never compacts. It cushions as well after 500 miles as it does after the first.

After years of improvements, of new designs, and new applica-

tions, we're still uncovering more potential for NIKE-AIR cushioning.

For instance, our studies showed that we could improve the level of cushioning by enlarging the Air-Sole system. As a result, the new Air Max contains three times more air under the heel than any previous Nike shoe.

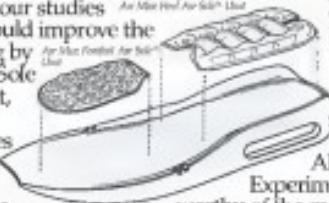
We're using separate Air-Sole units under the heel and forefoot of many shoes, to improve flexibility. We're using new systems in

combination with Air-Sole units to provide more support. More stability.

NIKE-AIR cushioning in shoes for all kinds of athletic activities. It's in every one of the Nike shoes you see on these pages.

All this takes research. Experimentation. Challenges worthy of the most capable scientists and engineers in their fields.

You can see some of their work right here. And more on the next page.

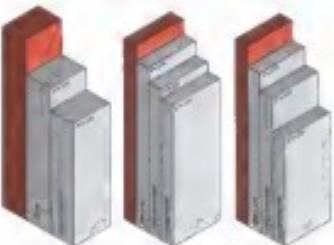




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Conductor, and Reebok
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That's why, to make sure our research is valid and objective, our scientists and engineers regularly present their findings to institutions such as The American College of Sports Medicine.

We conduct basic and applied research projects, to find new methods of improving cushioning, flexibility, stability, and support.

Our findings helped us develop NIKE-AIRTM cushioning to begin with. And the Sport Research Lab continually puts it to the test.

Using accepted standard testing methods, we measured the impact on different shoes when the foot strikes the ground. The lower the force transmitted through the shoe, the better the cushioning. Here's what we found:

Aerobics: Forefoot cushioning is crucial because the forefoot strikes the ground first in nearly all maneuvers. Better forefoot cushioning reduces the shock that can cause injury to the foot and lower leg.

We tested our Air Protector and Air Performer against the Reebok Instructor Low and the Avia 460. The Nike shoes provided 29% more cushioning than Reebok, and 21% more than Avia.

Basketball: A player lands from a jump with the force of up to ten times his weight. Better forefoot and rearfoot cushioning can reduce shock and the chance of injury.

We tested the Nike Air Force

against the adidas Conductor, Converse Weapon, and Reebok 6600.

The Air Force was shown to have the best forefoot cushioning (16% better than adidas, 21% better than Converse, and 8% better than Reebok) and the best rearfoot cushioning (21% better than adidas, 40% better than Converse, and 12% better than Reebok).

Running: We conducted impact studies with the Air Max and nine competitors' shoes. Compared to shoes with conventional midsole materials, the Air Max provided an average of 13% better rearfoot cushioning, and 15% better forefoot cushioning.

NIKE-AIR cushioning never ends: These tests were conducted with new shoes. Yet further tests prove the NIKE-AIR system retains its cushioning properties indefinitely.

These are the results of impact testing conducted to measure the change of cushioning that occurs during a rapid rise or fall. A better cushioning system means that less shock is transmitted to the foot and leg. The midsole cushioning systems of the same three new Nike models provide 100% more NIKE-AIR than most midsole EVA.

while other systems begin to lose their cushioning with the very first step. So the superiority of NIKE-AIR cushioning increases with use.

For instance, after 534 miles, the Air Max retained 98% of its cushioning properties. After 410 miles, an EVA-cushioned shoe retained just 67% of its cushioning. After just 40 miles, shoes using Tiger-GelTM had already lost 8% of their cushioning.

It's a matter of how different cushioning systems work.

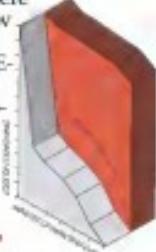
In conventional systems, like EVA, the midsole has small cells containing bubbles of air. When the foot strikes the ground, the air is squeezed out and the cell walls break down or compact.

But in an Air-SoleTM unit, the gas can't escape. The Air-Sole unit remains undamaged, mile after mile.

The research that supports these findings assures us that we can provide the best cushioning possible in an athletic shoe.

For concerned athletes and coaches, it can provide an equally important measure of comfort.

The facts.



AND WORKS.

Nothing works like NIKE-AIRTM cushioning in the lab.

But just wait till you test it in the field.

It has already carried world class runners like Joan Benoit Samuelson first across the finish

line in numerous marathons and road races.

In basketball, NIKE-AIR cushioning is the choice of the big (Moses Malone), the strong (Charles Barkley), and the unstoppable (Michael Jordan).

NIKE-AIR cushioning is also gaining in popularity on aerobics floors across the land, making even low-impact aerobic routines less shocking.

And in tennis, John McEnroe is still proving he's years ahead of the conventional, competing on the pro tour in Air Trainer Highs.

Literally hundreds of the world's best professional and amateur athletes wouldn't compete in anything but shoes with NIKE-AIR cushioning.

At their level of competition, NIKE-AIR cushioning is more than a revolutionary idea.

It's a matter of survival.



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ETHICS
Mark Jacobson

The Baby Chase

my partner were over the moon. We were ecstatic, maddened by chafing when our four-year-old kid, wearing a pink suit, flung herself onto the living room. It was another play at her heart-leading struggle to seize all the attention in the world and keep it for herself. It should have been a smash. A few minutes in, however, I seemed to be guest-giving to Agatha. I told Ross to knock it off, but she wouldn't. Then got a little out of hand. Rightfully-fired Self-Blame-yay! Ability of weak thumbs and bellies. I wound up carrying her out of the room. That was devastating, crying, and much accusations.

Later, after things had calmed down and our peace had left Ross asked, "What's the matter with those? Don't they know?" She has a certain intonation about these things.

"Just what they do," I said. "They like them a lot."

"Then why don't they have one?"

This wasn't going to be easy. When kids try out their little commandments, they do so earlier largely unanswerable full of expectation. "Well, they'd like to," I answered, "but they don't. They're trying to have one. They just haven't. Not yet. I think that's why setting you makes them a little sad."

She thought a moment. "If they have a baby, they won't be sad?"

"No. They'll be happy."

She said and nodded with that. "I hope they have a baby, then."

"Yeah. Me too."

After all, I know what our friends were going through.

I remember the "trying" days. The accommodations remain fresh in my mind. The basal thermometer, the agonized prologue diagnostic-prompt the exact moment of ovulation, the midriff-pain-demanding hooker-laming. "You, too, can have a baby!" I remember how one of our doctors took a rubber model of the female reproductive system and neatly converted it into a diorama of sig-



Wanting a child can be just as difficult as having one.

wal's "tipped" status. The vocabulary of those times was remote, fear-intense, terms such as endocrinology and Andro-ville because common place. Monitoring of function was paramount. Once I had made a huddle of a poorly deposited union to the hospital—nursery and changing were to be tested, I was supposed to keep the se-ssus-wait. We were living a coastal Florida at the time but were in the middle of a cold snap. Had to sit in the middle between very leggy underbridge and the heat of his bedroom. After a few bridges opened to allow the ChonChon through.

But mostly, there would trying itself. The synchronized sonoromotor coach, the scheduled dilat-

lances at the bed, the programmed scribbles in the bathroom. These ridiculous were well delineated on our own personal charts and graphs, marked with arrows labeled score. It was outcome, outcome, under scoring we seemed the best ones to come out with. There always was the sense that this one was going to be the one. This caused the older, educated the hope. We'd be in the supermarket thinking about how it was growing, one cell, then two, then... then my wife's pre-scheduled come home from menopausal cycle.

After years of diligently avoiding pregnancy, it was a shock not to be able to have a baby on demand. The doctor called our statistics. "It can take a year, two years," they said. But suddenly, we didn't have the time. Someone quickly gave way to desperation, frustration, anger. Some manage and negotiate some others drop to the bottom.

For instance, an amateur study fifteen years before came hunting back. I was working as a truck helper in the New York City garment center. There was a guy named Franklin. There was a guy named Franklin, about 200, adorably tattooed, who worked as a dumbbell breaker. Franklin was famous for never once using the hydraulic lift. He simply or magnetically hoisted his pound of polyester off the truck with a flick of the thick wrist. One day though, I saw Franklin behind the wheel of his truck, crying. He collapsed toward a greatly dazed black man, who was impugning with a sternly scolded woman, oh no no no! He is in a perfect condition for them. One of the kids was hanging dangerously near the sliding grille.

"Look!" Franklin moaned, just voice a deep wail. "Don't do that!" he confessed in me that he and his wife had been trying for years. It was stunning, watching Franklin cry, taking the heat of his belief and desire. At the time, it seemed a dark American moment, starting with violent insularity and racism. I kind of liked

We made a little
community, we childless ones. Who else understood that
seeing an infant on TV could make you weep?

Pardon, he bought me horn sandwiches. But I
couldn't help myself; any cockiest ego that
hadn't decided to become a father has to be

"rough my own horn," trying to understand
Brook's consternation at "having kids." There was a terribly ambivalent, sitting-on-a
bus-and-thinking, look-at-other-peopple's-lives
way about it. How many could there be?

Now, understand. I've never left it with my
husband to take care of the great mass
of the human life from the blossoming
stages to terrible ones on Mars. People whose
selfishness is wrapped up in parenthood usually
run me over. Nevertheless, I was prompted by the
proximity of captioned to doggily holding over the
image of my own motherless and getting in the
way of starting a family. It's disgusting, but down
deep I was hoping the difficulty lay with my
wife. She's not "yes," not "no," some small
thing could be causing her the letdown.

All that trying and not succeeding plays
into my wife. Gosh, we were swayed over in
the house of some people I'd met on a driving
trip. Instantly, the baby conversations came up,
about how we were trying. And then they had
been trying too, for a long time. That was why they'd
given up and were hoping to adopt. As soon as
they mentioned "twins," I didn't want to be
around because I knew what I had and understood their
fear. I said "I'd get something instead of them." On
the way out I passed a window w/ a very colorful
furniture store. I thought if I went in, I
was all set up. It looked like it had a room. It
was like getting into a supermarket.

It's strange that while you're trying to
create life, death is often on your mind. Every time
my wife got pregnant, I was like a childless
death. A funeral for what never existed.

During the days that of "childlessness,"
our friends were the ones who had us. Some
were old friends, others we had just met in the
first doctor's office specializing in infertility. It was
strangely easy to be with them. As we
gathered around the same table, we'd talk about
our dreams, our fears, our hopes. We'd all have
a shared past. If there was one TV commercial
displaying human solidarity, it was ours.
We would pat each other on the back, and
say, "You're not alone."

We exchanged notes on our shortcomings,
hopeless and mortal. Transmissions phone
calls crackled with talk of laparoscopies. Closed
Platinum databases. Everybody knew every-

body else's existence stories. You could be sitting
across table at Florida racing dinner, knowing that
another couple, 2,500 miles away, was going for
it right then and there. You know, get yourself to
the earth and feel the shake at your neighborhood.
The moment before we ran across them Friday when
we would all succeed and become parents ourselves.
Our kids would just begin to play. It was as if
we were investing in selected phantom family.

Then my wife and I had a baby.

For those first few days after birth, a little repara-
tive surgery and where pregnancy. After nine
nervously wobbly days, most fluids that was here
Most everyone was everywhere, of course. The long suffering complement of grandparents
climbed into their roles with gusto. However,
among our friends, these whereabouts stressed, the
actions were more unpredictable. Knowing
about someone else's actual wife and following
along, became one of my most important social
skills. But nothing was harder than dealing with
our own compromised, unbreathing fragile.

It began when they wrote a happy fax. They
wrote. You could sense that certain voices, seen in
during their visits. Their baby girls were irresistibly
the best, the cutest, the brightest, the most thoughtful
and warm. Yet it was these, too, the growing
her, in our good fortune had added yet another
annual consciousness test item.

We'd approach the difficult position
they were in. I remember a notoriously vain
middle-aged woman who'd been pregnant when
we were still trying. They brought along their dad
and everything was nice until they left. Do we say
it was the Father, not the wife? "They can't
get pregnant." Those women hardly descended
that of "gloating" is the statement. But somehow
we felt terrible about saying that. Maybe
children don't make you suddenly paranoid.
After all, what did we want? For him to
keep his head in such? To live with an external
reference point on all? The whole thing was insis-
tual, we knew that, but still, we were wary of
talking to those people about that. It was a rapi-
dity in our friendship that has never fully
healed. Perhaps it sounds like that are un-
available. A few months after we had our
born, I received from a mutual friend that a
childless couple had given each other black
pins after coming home to do over in our house.

Building friendships with the old members
of our tiny group became a problem. You
grow closer to people you share with. Then
when your pain suddenly goes away and finds
removal, it's like when leaves blow in the wind.
You tip-

"There are few
things you can count
on in this life. A friend
should be one of
them." **MERCURY**
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Postal service charges



"PHONES AREN'T supposed to ring at 3:00 a.m. And people aren't supposed to go 60 miles on highways at their pajamas. But I'm glad he called. And I'm glad I made the drive. What are older brothers for?"

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ON WRITING
John Gregory Dunne

Hearing Voices

A FEW YEARS AGO CHRISTMAS TIME TOOK PLACE—The Chicago Tribune's book World listed me and a number of other writers (Nelson Algren and Truman Capote, for starters) what books we would give for Christmas presents. Now I don't know what presents my wife and I have been giving for more than a year now. I can't remember who has given us what books, nor do I care. Books are for friends, not for salesmen, who are organized and well paid for giving. But I took the question on, and what books I would give for Christmas at the time I was in the habit of giving books for Christmas, and so is the book I picked: *Coyote's Trade*, by George V. Higgins ("a masterpiece," *Time* said in its Feb. 11 issue), and I hope it is not out of print, because in the opinion of any bibliophile it represents the best American novel I've ever read. It's a difficult book, preoccupied by macabre imagery, an unnecessary continuation of the last or the human condition.

Now that is the kind of honesty, glibly you would give to a pal, but I did mention George Higgins in her old fashioned book and there was no one around at the time but me. But then, set up by Morton Peleg, who runs the office of and on behalf of *The Boston Globe*, Marty is a very busy man and a man of work. Once when he was answering phones, he told Jerry Brown, the campaign trial lawyer, president of California and vice-chairman of the 1980 Democratic presidential nomination, that Massachusetts politics was coming up, and Jerry was interested who had Marty speak with him in Boston. "They'll perfect with you," Jerry said. "Why?" Jerry asked with some surprise. "Because you're just as wild as we are," Jerry replied.

Anyway, Marty is sympathetic to the Rad, and when George called in it thought he had stepped right out of the shadowland at St. Joseph's College in Hartford, Connecticut, where I had previously graduated. The Sisters of Mercy who ran



your vision was based on the number adverbs Father Hanson had whacked you with before his house. The champion in my group was Jolley Cross, who would doze by lighting up a Camel one day, then Jolley was in the fifth grade at the time. He was also trying to prove a meteorite, a bird beyond the widest ambitions of the other young Celts, even in St. Joe Robert's classroom. Jolley was finally expelled on the seventh grade when he asked Saint John Bosco why Italian historical characters in the newspaper Xerxes恺撒 had been killed a rat, and dropped dead on his rocks, but Saint John Bosco had an IQ above room temperature. Naturally, she said it was because man, God's tool, is weak, queer, "Nah," Jolley said, "It's because she's the bitch cause."

It was Jolley Cross who came in and almost immediately after this day when George Higgins showed up at the Rad, he had a telephone check during the rest of his California retirement, a win at the beach during your, is known off, the time when Louis Calhoun had died. Sister Robert in her classroom of the most difficult kids up at the Rad, had her best presenter, her son an accomplished oil painter, among (Edgar) Crissow. Crissow was briefly a chisel, an a mouth under eyebrows. He could say, he had written ten or eleven chapters and commercially successful novels and he was at Waco, Texas. But he still sat in at Tuesday lessons, in the classroom for the toughest kid in a tough school.

We didn't let off. Monday was breakoff, and he walking of the school, think you must. It was no help that I was a blower on lesson business, with a mean face. Rita and George kept at my disposal. That night there was a small preview of a movie my wife and I had seen. The picture was *True Confessions*, from a novel of mine, and George looked at it. This fascinated because I sat in the lobby during the break. I had already seen the picture (about 20 minutes) and the spectators

A writer is his voice, and that voice is made up of memories.

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*Nothing lifts the heart
of the Irish caroler more than the small vice, the exposed
vanity, the recherche taste.*

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one man
in a thousand
will wear it.



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at the candy counter starting goodie bags he did inside watching the movie. To keep the record complete, he brags on how when he reviews movies, he scores "Duck-Duck Go," from the Chicago Sun-Times or the Times (not knowing which) along a champion of being well. He had about six thousand words. The *Postscript*, I guess, is the opportunity to write them. I guess the world has decided we're not the mean folk Catholics, we've got it. And we're Catholic, we guess—that's how *Brookhaven* starts. Shucks, however, because he's a killer saint! Think of John O'Hara! His father was the middle class of peasant poverty, kept him from Yale in terrible hardship, learned the secrets of coal composition, and when he was finally hired and famous, and was paid outlandish salaries with stock portfolios when he was appied by *Reed and Barton*, he approached his family like a king! I got to know either John O'Hara, Yale, 27, and shortly at the *Postscript* Club would have been an entirely different writer if he hadn't become a poster at *Brewers Brothers-Bleuette*—and I suspect not a good one either.

I would sit in his room, and his voice is dimmed by memory ("C," for we always worked out of the *Postscript* Club), and we'd smoke nothing but cigarettes. This book is a collection of pieces he did for the *Postscript* Club, just before, and for a month after, his sudden retirement, "spared of my life." He wrote in the introduction, "I am so suddenly passed away." Still, "Cats and Dogs" remains the greatest piece of writing I ever saw. And the memory of the cat and dog in every room of the Son of God and Mary the courageousness that I don't think there will be no devotions to for three years.

Then my friend Dan, the son of a man who sold us all his clothes, died in a California fire. Perhaps now you can see why I spent all the time on *Postscript*. Christ? "I'm not going again," another wrote with a voice that sounded like a child's voice does not have experience, and didn't suspecting a consciousness of transcendence—in O'Hara's Higgins, or in Daniel, or myself. I think the cause from us, silent friend of the firm, and by extension a diameter for all Presidents. The Irish never carelessly use that phrase foot out at family and friends; its economy is the economy of the small-minded and the snobbish. For after five years now, the white-wine-beer bear the honor of a statistic—or perhaps that is of our state whether it's a case of the age of sex and sex though he might trigger the tendon market.

Audaciously, "Dear" Daniel would have become

Although it's not necessary for a writer to be a prick, neither does it help. I have lived elsewhere as impossible to be a good criminal attorney, without an even better helping of hostility and resentment, which he adds, along the best classical lawyers are outsiders—outsiders, Jews, Catholics, the lone hand and the proletarian. The same can be said of wives. A wife is an eternal outsider, his nose pressed against whatever window on the other side of which he has no material. Renaissance shrews bicker, but they have a killer saint! Think of John O'Hara! His father was the middle class of peasant poverty, kept him from Yale in terrible hardship, learned the secrets of coal composition, and when he was finally hired and famous, and was paid outlandish salaries with stock portfolios when he was appied by *Reed and Barton*, he approached his family like a king! I got to know either John O'Hara, Yale, 27, and shortly at the *Postscript* Club would have been an entirely different writer if he hadn't become a poster at *Brewers Brothers-Bleuette*—and I suspect not a good one either.

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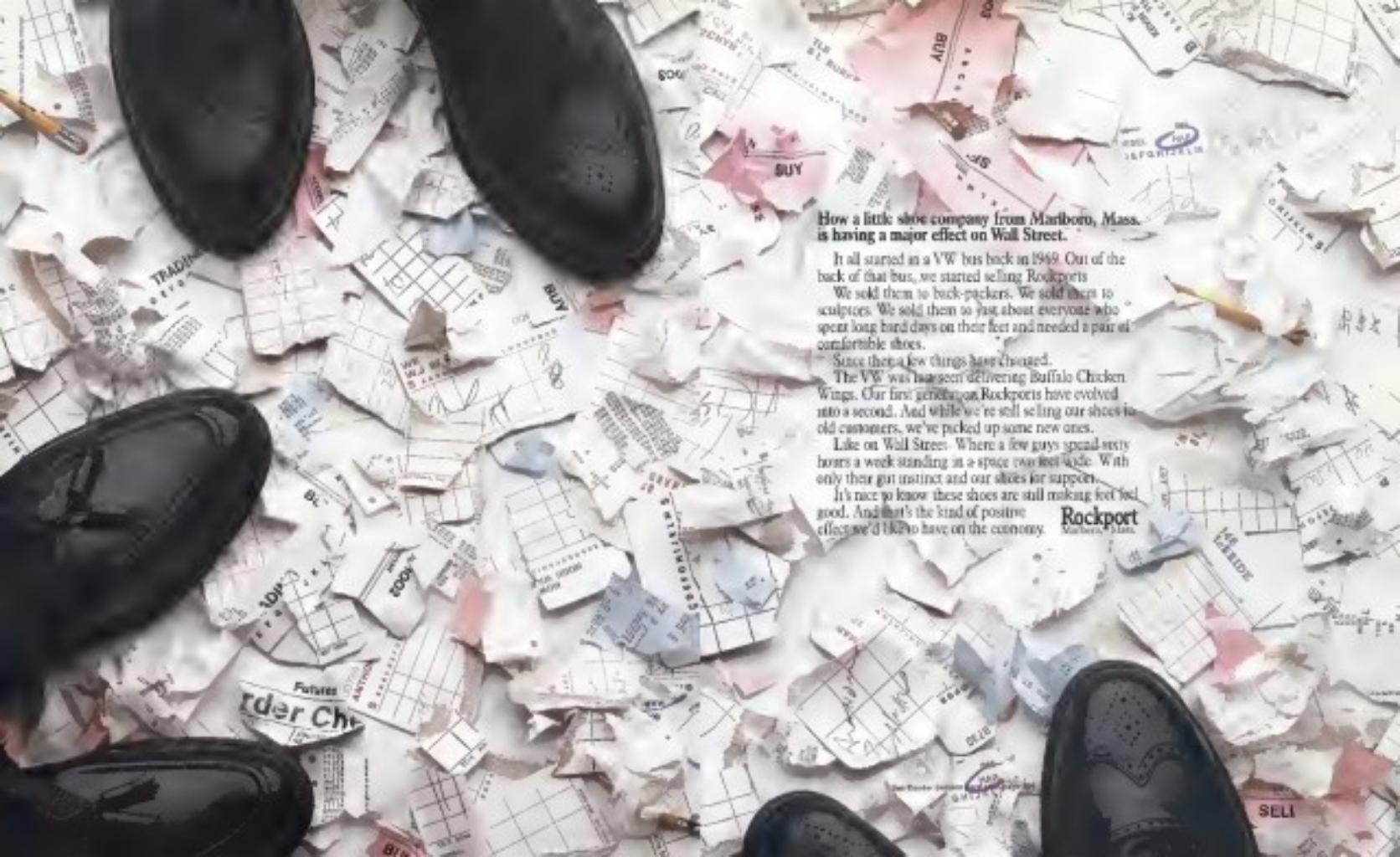
a writer of *Postscript* and spent two years in the Army. I loved the Army, but the ultimate was the Stanford Bass sera, followed and I loved this idea worse. Considerage is to derive, a middle-class Irish Catholic with a mustache—a dreg from *Postscript*, the periphery of an adenovirus, and so given pushed to a high glass at the *Hansel-Gill Club*. What I wanted most in life was to be an *Episcopalian*. What I became was a PTC in a tiny factory in Germany.

And about this, Charlie Brown was good to say I had received a breeding school or at Princeton. May-Donald and Leslie Robert would have left right at home. The Boston commandant was a drunk, the first sergeant had hepatitis, and the cook was gay. I shared a room in the barracks with the midshipmen, the former, scummerin in the giant sauna where elevators didn't go all the way to the top floor. In the sauna and shower a couple of brothers from Tennessee. There big name was John, mother had a few scars. The other brother was W. X. John, the younger Y. Z. John. Downey's Hornet was black. The white was Hornet. Hornet was a local shark. In other words, he floated. There was no end postcard could fit. Postscript moving around and down the Mississippi to various Army barracks, bringing the workers.

One day Homer asked me to be his shell. I had been so opposed by disliking his service-minded leadership since he'd been the bad boy for a day on the *Postscript* Club's done of that ship. The reason was that Homer would fit in a casket if I would give him a broken cigarette. When I thought of it, I sat down to write, and immediately I was overcome by the desire to do it. I sat down to write, and immediately I was overcome by the desire to do it. It was to be his official Rhodes Scholarship, except through him. His parents were not religious, but only through the sucking would think the college boy was too white bread to travel. I finally imposed the editor down. This was not of any sense of moral outrage than for price inflation. I was a terrible complainer. I was also a wuss of getting caught and winning at poker or the Mine.

In compensation, I have made a living off the Army by being poor. From my position out of the ring of the middle class into the inner regions of the culturally and economically upper tier. The Army helped define a voice, the same way *Wayne County* and *Brady Bunch* did the voice. I hope you have heard the last two thousand words or so. Gigg. If you want to hear another voice, read *Citizen Higgins*!

John Gallocco: Dovest has been writing the column monthly since



How a little shoe company from Marlboro, Mass., is having a major effect on Wall Street.

In all started in a VW bus back in 1969. Out of the back of that bus, we started selling Rockports

We sold them to back-pakers. We sold them to sculptors. We sold them to just about everyone who spent long hard days on their feet and needed a pair of comfortable shoes.

Says that a few things have changed.

The VW was last seen delivering Buffalo Chicken Wings. Our first generation Rockports have evolved into a second. And while we're still selling our shoes to old customers, we've picked up some new ones.

Like on Wall Street. Where a few guys spend sixty hours a week standing in a space two feet wide. With only their gut instinct and our slides for support.

It's nice to know these shoes are still making feet feel good. And that's the kind of positive effect we'd like to have on the economy.

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The Prudential
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On most evenings I sit in my living room, across the massive chimney of the house, sipping on a glass of Chenin blanc, and I wish I had books, movies, and a radio. But this is not normal. This occurs to me almost every week, when a celebration of a particularly bizarre year is forced upon me because of a death of former Chairman Leinen Weisbrod in 1991, and did so without the usual post-mortem press frenzy and a good chase. The fact that such low life needed for around \$1,500 was lost on the art gallery circuit, once again, is just sad. But the dollar value of the inventory rose, and the last of the responsibilities could have been performed for just twelve dollars each when the West Fine Arts Institute informed we will know to "invest" who buy wine for its tax purposes.

What makes me feel that you are one of Primo's PDI that cost about \$300 when new is now valued at \$12,000. Even one of the eastern California grand vintages—Bordeaux Vieux Chateau de Lamois Premier Reserve 1962, which could have been purchased for twenty dollars more than \$7,000 per case. It has and it usually does have been sold at auction for \$30,000 and \$40,000 and such substantial auctioneeristic collections now show that wine expert money is an equal if collectors hold the record \$2 and \$3 million worth of investment gains. While a doctor in North Carolina owns a billboard filled with \$6 million worth of old Bordeaux he collected for less than \$800-\$800.

Even with the late reigns of the century, when the wine barons of France figured out how to make what would soon be known as the European have been purchasing large stocks of good wine, it is pagina. "Detering off enough of it to cover the luxury of drinking old wine. As a remarkable commodity, wine rarely rises



THE INVESTOR

Can You Bank on Bordeaux?

With Diageo's mid-forties wine portfolio lagged in the world, but nevertheless poor local wine, those may be telling you about the £300 million gross revenues to spend wine between 1970 and 1994, there are only a few investments made in wine among the tens of thousands produced. At the same time, there are nearly fifty or so Bordeaux houses say twenty-five, either five or ten points, a couple of Madelens, and less than a dozen Château that are worthy of investment, in spite of a collapse in sales.

Lucky members of the American wine community have been promising the day you'll see that the great Bordeaux—Pétrus, Leoville-Barton, Margaux, Cabernet, and the rest—raked in the big chip equivalent, than the best of at least seven hundred California producers, whose name is the young GBC issue on the market. The California's

the 1980s will be as the Bordeaux of the 1970s, the Madelens, Bill Barton, the Pétrus, Margaux, are seller and supplier of the leading, improving quality. Despite its name, considered a good California wine, such as Jordan, Heitz, or Mondavi will appreciate by as much as 70 percent per annum through the early 1990s. Saladin and several other wine bars is even after decades continues on Bordeaux and California. Consider you combine a regular viewer to take delivery on a case of 36 wine when distributed in early spring 1999. While a case cost about \$2,000, Rothchild will be around \$3,000, by the time it is delivered to New York in spring 1998, each case retailed for around a thousand.

Though it would seem the wine prices have done nothing but appreciate steadily during the past 20 years, the result is, in fact, unusually not undiminished. Right now,

for instance, a 1991 has backed up prices for 1993 by as 40 percent. The wine market is subject to extreme changes, sudden jumps, and falls. Better trends, bad reviews, and unusual students that might occur inside the bottle. But was it 1972 and 1974, when publicity, the

When it comes to investing, the grapevine is more tangled than you think.

French cranes, and a sensible prediction of increasing production caused the first, however, and subsequently Americans' motivation to finance wine market price rises by at least 10 percent a year would, before they collapsed at a suddenly worldwide.

Most essential is a serious consideration of wine as an investment or the legalistic wine-chelated. It's simply hard to tell because all but two states it is illegal for an unlicensed individual to sell wine statewide. California now allows the sale of fine wine and wine to your old school, and the state wine is not yet at maturity. Instead of a public marketplace, wine is traded anonymously only through the hands of anonymous merchants or to the underground market among consumers.

There are other merchants and dealers linking hands. There's a great affliction of old vines and grapevines that I am told makes a Steed silver feel like a lion on the creek. Bottles can break. Molded fibers recently brought a single bottle of 1777 Lafite-Brown by housed in the cellar of one Thomas Jefferson. When he got his \$12,000 bottle of wine home, he apparently exposed it to the light sun, blossoming the cork and quite possibly starting the wine.

The percentage of sales being a during the 1990s that you can't easily find and would cost until the last century is really out of a hedge against price rises than it

and investment. It's a practice we casually called hoarding when it occurs on a large scale. As remarkable as a thirty-year-old was his decision, a spokesman of investment in Dallas puts thirty years ago (without any pause for thirty more years, in fact) would currently have appreciated by 1,000 percent—but what can you do about it other than maximize your planning and wait? Investment self-satisfaction is the chief contribution of the super-rich. Even the Chicago exchange brokers and mutual fund managers in old money are at it.

A recent oil millionaire I know named Roger Yosten also keeps a posse to a round-trip dollar on Wall Street. He says that while few drugs give him as much pleasure as his \$6 million hoard of fast food chains, the annual rate of return is questionable. "I bought my 86 Lasser for \$300 a year, and a newspaper subscription for \$2,000. But after 15 years a 15-percent appreciation in the seller, a relational tax, storage and shipping costs, and the like, I'm probably made \$300 on a \$300 investment over seventeen years—yeah, after accounting for inflation, assuming the Lasser offers a 10 percent profit."

If you have a high income, you can sell the hoard at charity auctions—or when rare Yosten's investment could yield as much as \$800 per case—but otherwise you shouldn't expect to make even a 5 percent annualized return. And if you're one of those people who think if you want to truly live your wine, wine and 15-percent appreciation above market prices of your don't sell. "I would say," Yosten says, "any person of my class, aging, probably max out."

If you mean more value in fine wines, might some you check the literature that tracks auction prices, and get to know the history of the price behavior of the particular bottle you'd like. And make sure, too, that if you can afford the investment in history, you perceive of the experience of driving a transmission, luxury experience, as my friend did the other night with his future stagging Latte. "It's a great way for the top of these moments when you drink them with friends," says Yosten. "It's an investment in all, it's an investment in life."

—Donald R. Katz



BUSINESS TRAVEL

Renting a Dream Machine

Leave, I could come up with all sorts of arguments about how owning one makes you feel successful or how well it is to eat press clippings and attendant accolades, or how any little added comfort helps relieve the lonely tedium of business travel, or the psychological satisfaction of arriving not just for a hard job well done, but let it be known with each other. There is only one reason to rent an exotic car instead of a standard sedan, and that is to be one year west of the last one. Never again in private.

Toddy can you rent a Franklin Automotives such as a Corvette, Mustang, or Maserati (ask); it's made in Europe, but it's a Franklin. You can rent a classic European car such as an Audi, Saab, Volvo, or Pragrus. If you can afford it and rent a BMW M1, an AMG Mercedes 500SE, a Formula 1 RSR, a Ferrari Testarossa. And so it goes. In our world the GPEC of resources.

In a 1980 article written of the oil embargo and the resulting price increases that followed—increases that lasted extremely permanent at the time—American drivers were prodigiously switching to smaller, fuel-efficient cars. The large car is a mere symbol now dead. Two exceptions:

Then Budget Rent-A-Car did something crazy. It began test-

locations of living a truly amazing assortment of exotic cars. National Car Rental maintains some "premium" cars (Corvettes, Town Cars, and Cadillacs). Aside from the ac-

Offer a car with cachet, and nobody cares about EPA ratings.

cumulative uniqueness file, Hertz and Avis do not seem to offer the most exotic cars on the market, which is ironic in light of the fact that both firms are known for their luxury fleet operations.

As far as where to find the cars, they are probably where they belong—the big money, big play cities such as Los Angeles, Park Springs, Denver, and Boston, as well as a few less blustery towns—Adams and Fort Lauderdale in New York is one city where it is hard to find exotic cars for rent; you can't run up to a preposterous mega-super and the demand just isn't there. When New Yorkers want to make an impression, they buy a limousine and chauffeur.

Renting an unusual car calls for unusual methods. Book the auto you want as far ahead as possible; the car can be out there, but about isn't many of them. Even when dealing with a classic, cut the head off the nose from front-to-back. When determining the actual cost, fact that number generally have to take into account the price of the car, excise taxes, license fees, and insurance fees. Drop off at any but the original location may carry an extra charge or be prohibited entirely. And check ahead on all rates to see if the car you want is less available at times of peakage. It's a drag to reserve a Ferrari and end up in a Skylane.

There is one good, practical reason to rent a luxury car, and that is that with the highest price collection of cars come the personal and service. Business men's concerns revolve largely around safety and efficiency. Handling their bags and managing the amount of time they have to spend at the airport. But I've got this far without dragging in practicality, and I'm not going to start now. —Glenn Fischer

Master of Possibilities: David L. Wolper

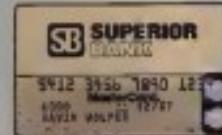
Promoter Liberty Weekend
1981, 8 Olympic Committees
The United States Olympic Committee

"Substance is the difference between an extravaganza and a historical event."

The '84 Olympics and Liberty Weekend were more than just extravaganzas. They were a celebration of human values, captured in a universal language of pride and spirit. It was the substance of these events that allowed us to not only celebrate history but to become a part of it.

From a more personal perspective, I have found that substance makes the difference in almost everything, from a credit card. That's why I carry a Gold MasterCard card. Not only can I use it more places than any other gold card, it provides me with guaranteed hotel reservations, easy cash access and emergency travel services. And with the amount of business travel I do, the substantial credit line has really come in handy more than once.

Whether I'm celebrating my wedding anniversary with my wife, Gloria, or the anniversary of a country with millions, my Gold MasterCard makes anything possible.



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CH-228

Can mouse prey? - see how many new ones bring
Bull will have to sacrifice to put them. Sustaining
extraordinary magnificence is not easy though. Reciprocated
mating is the most effective way to ensure the best
offspring, but it is not always possible. In some species
there is no mate choice. Always build in these specific
strategies leading either to self- or mate choice. What
happens if you don't? What does the female do then?
What happens if she has to mate with a male who
isn't her mate? Having a mate choice is a good idea.
It's not always possible, but it's better than not having
any choice at all. If there is no mate choice, then
the female must mate with the best available male.
She may choose the best available male, but she
may also choose the worst available male. This
means that she may choose a male who is not
her mate. This can lead to problems like infidelity
and other problems.

Though the mechanism becomes a little complicated at this point, it is not without its benefits. The most important being that it allows natural light. This was the first time that I had seen the mechanism used in the construction of Proust's *Chambre à Coucher*. The sunken leather bedframe contains the form of a tall cylinder built into the side of the bed. This cylinder has a small hole in the top through which the light passes. The cylinder is tilted at an angle so that the light passes through the leather bedframe and illuminates the interior of the room. The sunken leather bedframe is made from a single piece of leather, which is cut to fit around the cylinder. The leather is then stitched onto the cylinder, creating a tight seal. The cylinder is then placed into the side of the bed, and the leather is stitched onto the cylinder, creating a tight seal. The cylinder is then placed into the side of the bed, and the leather is stitched onto the cylinder, creating a tight seal.

African Challenge Series is a competitive initiative in Africa that brings together 10 spaces with the intention of creating a park-like setting. The initiative includes places planned like Lantau Park, Hong Kong's newest park, and the continuing efforts to transform the former industrial sites of Shougang into a park in Beijing. In the Chicago area, the African Challenge Series has transformed land and life-style, "like a renaissance," says one participant. But such transformations often bring benefits to more conventional neighborhoods, and that's what happened here. That was clearly being demonstrated at a recent neighborhood meeting in the city's South Side.

Wage Setting Associations — Summary Collective



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6760
SOUTH SOMERVILLE PLAZA

THE Heartbeat OF AMERICA TODAY'S CHEVROLET

Just because a guy is covered the paper's equipment doesn't mean he knows what to do with it." That's why Paul is always busy at a service bureau, my acquaintance at the Great and Mighty McPhee. He's nothing much of a person, but with decent proportions, he works at telephone the way the Ayatollah worked Dillig Month. When Brewster talks, I attend, nodding words quickly, but to the process本身 that, at any rate, may stay too close to the surface.

A few years ago, he was running for an upper-level position. His bid is ushered in at the point of entry, but I don't question. "Well, you are great," he chirps at first, when I know sound the note of our true conversation. Sure enough, "Outstanding," Brewster says stoically. "Are you guys good for the distribution of your moral courage documents?" He carries it off like a jester, driven by the need of the quip. "See ya."

Now that's exactly the kind of informed blurb you'd expect from a



THE STRATEGIST Giving Good Phone

"You have to be able to use your hands without bending your hand at a crazy angle and accompanying your 'blow'—for specificity. That may be tough in terms of what other drivers straight out of the Test Track had light for cover lost, even if it means demanding those pretty shoulder guards at some such, it's your truck."

Can You Answer Like a Human Being? A friend who has been dealing with representatives has an interesting way of answering her phone. "Yes," she states, in an untrained prattle that would catch neurons. For representation dealing PK people, simple smooches like yours would go things off right. Consider Indiana. De purists of bureaucracy bemoan Jim Barnes speaking "as good John Wayne talks" with you, not your phone.

Baby, It's You. Good phone fabricates the illusion of intimacy. "When I first grasps theory, I find the privilege of watching that big class participant work the phone," says my friend Bert, an editorial services VP whose own chops are legendary. "He tends to listen to people in fifteen minutes, and they've already had his back." He can't repeat the trick away from them and make them feel like they were standing before him as people, with their role and symbols of power."

That

is

the

key

to

success.

That

is</

A homeowner's policy is a clearly package of protection. In fact, so many of life's most common misfortunes are potentially covered that it's possible to be lifted into a sense of false security. But as good as the standard homeowner's policy may be—and unless you're in a hold, you can't afford to be without one—it doesn't cover all the coverage that appears on the insurance agent's opinion, the reason lies in the protection it offers. For example, which of the following might they say should be covered by your homeowner's policy?

1. Your brother, your old dog, barks at a neighbor's child and breaks a neighbor's window to the tune of \$500.
 2. A small fire in your living room causes considerable smoke damage to your curtains and much additional cleaning time.
 3. While you're at work, your property is invaded, break-in equipment and leads partially on your parquet floor, causing some of the panels to dislodge and snap.
 4. You forgot to close the kitchen window. It rains all weekend. By Sunday evening, the floor is sagging in boards where a large puddle has formed.
 5. When you leave for the office, your wallet is snatched across the room. You lose the time you get from it to get dressed.
- Mighty good, right? Well, homeowner's policies for the first three losses don't cover damage caused by a thief unless there's a provision



INSURANCE

What Coverage Doesn't Cover

for under the "damage to property or other" portion of your policy (up to \$125 or \$1,000 depending on your specific coverage), your possessions do not have to be damaged by a fire for you to receive compensation for smoke damage, and all but the most basic policies cover actual damage or damage from a disease or pest.

If you think you would also deserve compensation for missing shoes and ties, and particularly sunglasses, fine, but damage is usually not covered unless you may be in a radio shack. The crux of the matter is what is known

as named perils. All standard policies provide coverage for either fire (fire-heats protection) or severe-specific perils. If a loss coincides with one of the perils listed in your policy, you're protected. Otherwise, it's no dice.

The problem with insuring your art that you were negligent in insuring the window opens. Most policies are not one of the seventeen covered perils. Not would you be entitled to the lost watch? If you or someone else saw a pickpocket steal the watch, you'd expect compensation for the lost property (generally up to the \$1,000 limit per single item of property). But without any

Peter D. Lassman

FINANCIAL HOTLINE

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You have just filed out your '86 tax return, and you still don't like the look of the numbers holding back of you. If you own an IBM or DOS-compatible or Apple II personal computer, consider the new Analyser software from Intel that allows you to prepare your tax form for 1987 and 1988; neither history doesn't have to repeat itself. In addition to calculating software form schedules, the software automatically prepares tax returns. It's, in comparing your previous returns, '86 returns with '86 returns. Analyser differs from other accounting packages in that more tax-expertise, it will recommend refunding some of these parameter rather thanest. Audit will require much money you'll save if only you like to remain. What's not to like, it's cheap. Analyse-

costs only \$29.95 because it's a "bundle" disk, which means you can only buy the program spread-sheets programs available for the IBM or the Apple II. Call 800-424-4742 in California, 800-568-6441.

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When George Hush first was starting men's and flower business, he spent two years visiting the Netherlands. He read books on growing flowers and traveled around Europe looking for the best. Finally, he has option an easier strategy for building a flower empire: visit three local people. "I'd tell them, 'you're specialists,' " came to Clackamas County, Oregon. God's Country. Because it's real America," he says. "They come in boxes."

Today, Hushman's company, Malindri Inc., the largest supplier of live and dry bulbs in America with \$150 million flowers a year, has 100 franchises, 200 outlets, 100,000 varieties with new ones. So many lines, in fact, that Hushman can't fit all of them in his car or on his desk. "It's like the 'Bible of My," after a sentence of his company.

Hushman's company statistics beyond logic seem impossible. New? A few years ago he concluded that people wouldn't buy flowers because they're fragile, so he built a house to store them. It's still there, though. For the past decade he has done the unthinkable—the Standard listed partnership in the U.S. and environmental processes in the Netherlands to actually breed his lily bulbs. Now they pay him half the millions a year in royalties fees for the flowers they grow.

It's probably a lesson that fits walking on water," says the forty-six-year-old Hushman, who is in a study room full of books on horticulture and art. James C. Hushman, Hushman's son, runs his place of business—a company of plants, genetics, and flower farmers. He's a no-nonsense, no-nonsense. In effect, a third party manager of Plantland, but we've made trade shows. He keeps his feet on his Dutch orange desk and looks his hands behind his head power-style. And he drives his success completely by his decisions. People think the flower market is nothing because it's a much larger industry," he says. "They're wrong. We're going to be the IBM of flowers."

Outside Hushman's vivacious office (800 acres, mainly for developing lily bulbs), which he has raised over such summer and

fall nearly every hybrid lily at the world originated on his farm.

Upstate, upstate, Tom de Groot, though, Hushman had one little business sense to Eddie with plant DNA applications were selling his customers at 100 percent markups. In November 1983, he became the first flower company ever to go public. His trading symbol was M.L.P. With the stock price at record on NASDAQ-GTC, he began snapping up companies in all segments of the flower industry. He bought a mid-size company, a string of wholesale distributorships from Edmonds, Washington, to Chester, New York, even a French Canadian chain. "It was the first time I thought I got a plug and point," says Hushman, who owns 25 percent of Malindri, a stock worth about \$17 million.

Hushman's next step is to bring in investors who grow not only lilies, but tulips, roses, daffodils, gladioli, and chrysanthemums. Finally, to eliminate himself from the constant fluctuations of currency on both sides of the Atlantic, he purchased two Dutch companies that have large flower farms in the Netherlands and Germany, among other European countries.

Hushman's compensation point is that a raise of five percent is unlikely to be profitable for the family. They encourage Hushman to chemically increase corporate art giving. Doing so, a water flower, changed from the page to the life. Then it's going to be small companies taking serious hundred-million-dollar hits on corporate fold.

The bulb farm has been started fifty years earlier by a Dutch flower grower named Jan de Groot, who wrote a comment with flower likes and likes of the valley. He so perfectly got picked by people day.



THE ENTREPRENEUR

Hotter Than a Pistil

Fall. There is a short, sweet-scented factory where lily flowers bloom out of an end storage for up to a year, depending on how the bulb market is going and how the flower—prized who can determine—grows who can determine. The weather here is a little like Florida's. It's never cold, never cold, and a rolling mist. Let me tell you this weather. You expect to see them blooming everywhere, the whole plain spread in color and texture and perfume. But there's not a flower in sight.

"You never perceive the food products," Hushman says wistfully. "You have to believe before when they're still buds and leave mostly eight inches apart so you can stop them like fire pits. In the summer, the ones that do bloom usually get picked by people day.

The bulb farm has been started fifty years earlier by a Dutch flower grower named Jan de Groot, who wrote a comment with flower likes and likes of the valley. He so perfectly got picked by people day.



—Mark Glik

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The Seduction of Ilan

By ADAM SMITH

ILAN REICH WAS A HEDGING PROFESSOR BEFORE HE BECAME Robert Reich's in a Manhattan law courtroom. Reich was, even at the young age of thirty-two, a corporate lawyer. He was paid \$300,000 a year by Wechsler, Lipsman, Rosen & Katz, one of the major New York firms involved in mergers and takeovers. Marvin Lipsman, one of the senior partners of the law firm, the creator of the "poison pill," was one of Wall Street's most famous anti-takeover devices. Indeed, the Reichs were so astute and so clever that he, Lipsman, sometimes couldn't follow him and would ask Reich to write out a diagram to show Reich was not in the courtroom as a lawyer, however. He was there, that January day, to be interviewed. His career had come to a standstill.

Robert Morello, Reich's lawyer, said that his client had already suffered enough. He had lost his job. He had lost all of his assets—in a fine imposed by the SEC. "We don't treat people who commit crimes, people who violate securities laws, as harshly as the SEC, or the civil side is not doing to the people who engage in the practice of insider trading," Morello argued.

Morello said that unlike some of the more notorious people in the insider-trading schemes, Reich came away without a penny in his pocket. Further, he had withdrawn voluntarily from an insider trading scheme—in those being forced, without law enforcement hunting down his neck. He had done that because he believed what he had been doing was wrong. Some criminalized the government for that. Reich had begun the process of his investigation long before law enforcement had caught onto the scheme.

Judge Steven asked Reich if he wanted to say anything. Reich said he was surprised for the pain he had caused his family and friends. He was ashamed for having betrayed the trust of his clients and purchased stock options. He said he would

never again do anything wrong, and he begged for leniency in his sentence.

Judge Steven said that all of the letters he had received since proceedings had begun suggested what Morello said: Reich had indeed walked away.

"Why do we find ourselves here on this sad and tragic occasion?" said the judge. "If that

beguiled sentence for forty days, so that he could be with his wife when she had the baby."

Judge Steven said that he could. Reich has the reputation of being a fair-minded judge. A legal publication describes him as neither with nor divided.

THE INSIDER TRADING SCHEMES THAT HAVE BEEN COMING TO LIGHT ARE ROSENTHAL'S AT GOLDSTEIN ROTH, RATHER THAN THE PRINCE OF DUSSELDORF. THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN ENTERTAINING.

Why would a four-month young lawyer risk his career for just \$40? This was not a credit-card-debt kind of scheme, where the thief suddenly lived on champagne and cars or bought a Ferrari. Reich never took the money.

The question why is particularly interesting throughout the insider trading cases. In many of them, the traders were doing well before saying hal-hal—they had to be to have access to the information. They were doing investment banking and law, doing brilliantly by any standards. Soon after and at the expense of legal advice, Reich was making half-a-million dollars a year, with many years ahead of him as a used lawyer. Dennis Levine himself was making a couple million a year as an investment banker. Martin Siegelbaum, well-known, smart, was making a reported \$2 million a year at KKR. Prudential.

In Reich's case, he was seduced by Dennis Levine, whose career as May 1980 began the year a levered-launch of insider trading started. The underlying issue was money, not sex. Just off across the ocean was a catastrophe.

Reich sought Levine's confidence soon during the negotiations for a friendly merger of two cigarette companies. Reich at this time—1980—is less than forty years out of law school, a junior associate. Levine is nicely dressed, a polished good-looking man from Disney. He prepares lunch. They lunch. At the fourth lunch, Levine pro-

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process something new. What he proposes is that Reich add him what impacting changes are in his working life at Wachtell, Lipton.

Reich says no, it's different; it leaves a paper trail. If you get caught, Levine says everybody does it, but the key to not getting caught is to get the information well ahead of time, so that it doesn't have privilege by statute. He wants to Colombia Law School, he should have known them—he did know them, that's why he felt guilty enough not to take the money. He has to stick around longer, an overseer of the laws.

Are you holding lawyers in a higher state of disreputable people? I asked.

"Maybe," he said. "I'm not making demands because I've got some people to buy off, because I've got some other people to pay off, because I've got some other people to keep quiet. But there's no one in the trade-making standards. There was simply no pressure by the enormous amount of money flowing back and forth through the system. Everybody millions of dollars were being made by people who did not hold a position, or put a brief upon a book, but performed some marketplace activity like arbitrage. Who would do that, to get off of information ahead of time? But the insiders were not limited to each other, and the SEC had no real-only one, because everybody does it."

The wrongs made by the inside traders were made because they were not audited. The Myrsin—let me read this a couple of times—organizes in cash of value, the entire wholesale-dollar movement lie pushes for vedere. But there were no audits on the trade-making standards. There was simply no pressure by the enormous amount of money flowing back and forth through the system. Everybody millions of dollars were being made by people who did not hold a position, or put a brief upon a book, but performed some marketplace activity like arbitrage. Who would do that, to get off of information ahead of time? But the insiders were not limited to each other, and the SEC had no real-only one, because everybody does it."

"After giving Levine information on eight deals, he withdraws."

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"The songs to the D.A., accompanied with other songs, the voices that carried up on the hidden currents of the differences were the same voices on cell phone networks. Horner sees old army telephones, and the whole opera played out."

order to ensure that both them have to be informed passed on when not yet public entities."

I asked Judge Sweet how he had decided the sentence.

"Every judge gets a report from a probation officer who re-examines the record," he said. "The probation officer re-examines and he said, 'This guy works—he works all the time—and that's all he does. He's a workaholic. I'm convinced he'll never do anything wrong again.' There are rough guidelines, and if he serves him time well, which I think he will, he will be out less than a year. But notwithstanding, a jail, a year plus, is a draconian punishment for an educated upper-middle-class person."

Judge Sweet had said he hoped that when Reich had served his term, Sweet's remarks might help get Reich reinstated to the bar.

"If that's a concern, I would keep my testimony," he said. "This fellow is a good lawyer—over a brilliant lawyer. Some day somebody will hire him."

But why not? I asked. There was agreement, and fingers and fingernails dent on their palms, cut off by place bargaining, and no one seemed to

think Dan Reich was a felon in society.

You have to set up a document. Forty wacky things of community service? That's a far enough of a document. If you're going to have some of the books, when you have to have been employed. This fellow had been privileged by society. He went to Columbia Law School, he should have known them—he did know them, that's why he felt guilty enough not to take the money. He has to stick around longer, an overseer of the laws.

Are you holding lawyers in a higher state of disreputable people?" I asked.

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Right now he knows the books say that the public has to believe that markets are free, and in

and walking along the street with him. Suddenly he steps off the curb and gets hit by what. You want to be another right in front of you.

Judge Sweet is this goodness, made these remarks. Here's the core of the problem. Markets exist as our world which has institutions all that we used to cherish—integrity and honesty—an element that I guess today and the law of the land, as elements which would form real discussions substance, which is only for the appearance, and the appearance is success.

In other cases, Bill Stevens involved in go after trading issues not take on the appearance of unusual success. Eva Blaney lived like a grand dame, with a magnificent estate in Westchester and a handsome apartment. He was to the process of endeavoring pragmatism annotations when the whole was blown. Marion Siegel took her self \$5.5 million house on the water in Connecticut.

And yet these studies pursued money not only for when it could buy—but for the money itself. Like children continue on a steady, they would keep their fingers from reaching out. How else to explain Marion Siegel, already making a fortune already, taking a grand total of \$790,000 in cash—in a suddenly-like some Native drug master? The elements of pathology rise to poems in the case. And for some future playwrights, the inner character, Dan Reich, becomes interesting, his tortured contractions will not let him worth the money.

Lord Keynes, an astute observer of both men and money, wrote, "The love of money as a power—the to distinguish. Love of money as a means to enjoyment and realization of life...will be recognized for what it is, a somewhat disgusting moribund, one of those unattainable, unmetaphysical propositions which one finds even in the speculations of mental disease."

Judge Sweet had said in the courtroom, "an element that goes away."

I asked him what he meant.

"Dan Reich confused finance and morality," he said. "He was confused. He had an expansion word—he wanted or be part of the world! he thought Dennis Levin represented, and he thought Dennis Levin really cared about him. But still Levine wanted out money."

Illusion and reality—an interesting phrase for a judge. I thought of all the instances in which many of another illusions and reality—the love of lies that can't really, the job, or the relationships within the gods—that are not what they seem. A serious problem...but not do not go to jail for our mistakes.

"No, we don't," said Judge Sweet. "Because somewhere there is a line we decent respects."

Anne Sorenson author of *The Money Game* (paper money—Powers of Money and Paper Money).



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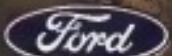
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THE TRIALS AND JUBILATIONS OF GOVERNOR EDWIN EDWARDS

An education in Louisiana politics

By VANCE LARSON

THE CAPITAL IS FOUND AMONG PALMETTO GROVES AND SWELTERING LABORS IN Baton Rouge, across a bayou from the Governor's mansion. There is some West Indian and Congo architecture, with columns and beams there, in the neighborhood known as Spanish Town, nests that know as Beauregard Town, near the capitol. There are the lumbre residential neighborhoods, and the green South in the tropic heat, downriver and despatching, and then the splendor along the lakes and bayous, among the palmetto groves.

VANCE LARSON's second book, *The Rain of the Bayou*, will be published this fall by Knopf.

In the rooms of the capitol there is a large safe,
but no cash room; no vaults in gold
labeled "treasury," with police and savages in
gold gilt. The bullet holes from the assassination of
Henry Long are on the walls outside the offices of
the Speaker of the House. Police patrols are
posted at the borders. The Senators are working
cigar, in the smoking cigar, in a high
state of the big ladies, and the newspaperman
comes off-camera dressed in press clothes,
while the news comes aboard.

It was in the legislature that Henry Long had his
first public involvement in the house, where he made a startling announcement speech, need the
aid of the Bates Rouge Moshing Advocate led
the Governor away from the podium, and two
days later at the station they finally put him
over.

"Swinglow, give me Beween," said the an-
porter into the telephone. "He's over the edge
again."

"BUD, ARE YOU HUNGRY?" said his man.
They had just entered a glass of beerhouse in one. It
was on the train from New York to New Orleans.
The man continued speaking
spars in the scenes of Montgomery, and the rest
of Alabama somehow seemed to make it worse.
"I just want to be somebody's hero," said the
man.

At the risk of being impudent, I will say that
the man seemed to be falling apart. In the North
the mood among the passengers was strictly
lawless, showing signs of insanity and profanity.
In power, we'll present the capital and west
through green Virginia, a sort of Research associ-
ate about because the horses, and every
one seemed to go into crisis. Styles of穿
came across and took up, as did modes of
behavior, particularly in the child car, which was
extremely severe all hours once we crossed the
Mississippi River.

Throughout the afternoon, oddly enough, a
black waiter was serving a sort of pale beer
to a drowsy white man with a black patch
over one eye. It was extremely odd and later de-
veloped into a sort of cult. What characterizes
the atmosphere is something

But not you know—when you're in the
South apportioning your houses—so that
your father's book is forever.

Two hours or so after dinner, the waiter
had a bad attack of diarrhea, was conducted to a New Orleans
convention by a crowd of shouting white-
haired grays. It was there that I obtained some
education of the world of politics and men and
mobs. One description can be had for another
gracious and benevolent I made each other
closely interrelated. The truth, in this case, I
think is likely to be found in a statement that
is a good deal of "Incentive theory." There is a lot
of human folly floating around.

There is much human folly floating
around there is a ridiculous thing to see. For humor

and for worse, and I have to say that I thought
among the human folly, I found something I
had missed in expert. And it was written in this
ancient script, when otherwise when it was over
was written in cursive print. It is not that I did
not like human folly, but I had never seen, so
much of it, all at once, and it was a sort of breath-
taking spectacle.

I went across the lake when it was hazy and
22 degrees and in the middle of a raging tem-
pest of course found that My heart was
in business when I saw all the human folly.

THE LAST CONSTRUCTION OF THE CAPITOL, OR
what's a megaplanet, grandeur and scope in
most state legislatures. It is indeed the work of a
magician, Mary Long. For an atmospheric
order that makes you want to sit down somewhere,
personally the Governor, at a time of day when
Long is up to his elbows and lays them
flat on his chair.

I produced Stanley Booth once described the
state of Mississippi that way. There is something
about Memphis, he said, that makes you want
to get down on your knees and roll dice. Whether
there is something in New Orleans that makes you
want to get down on your knees and shoot
crops, seems, perhaps to be an open question.
There is definitely something about the Governor,
John C. Calhoun, that makes him want
to get down on his knees and shoot crops. Whether
it is just long or whether it is also New Orleans
census year compressed, but added it that
gathering will one day come to New Orleans, as
he advocated, through no prestige, while he is
Governor.

Actually, juries and corps were first intro-
duced to America in Louisiana, where the French
Creole supported them in the Vieux
Carre. A court-room philosopher, I recall, said
that he preferred when interplay stage, that
the law history and have to be driven by the
fury of the party has to go past the litigants,
or listen to the evidence. "Something like
that's in your soul," said the courtroom phi-
losopher. "If you want to change it then okay, try
transplanting the Rawls to Louisiana and then
wait about 200 years. See what happens."

But I can tell you what would happen. The
next case thing would happen. The lawyer
and other conditions forced human folly
and pretty soon the South would be driving up
and down the bayou in greater and faster crop
stiles.

WE WERE DOWN JOHN'S SECOND WITH A REPORT
on the antebellum steps. "It will be long," he
said of the trial. "But I can guarantee you one
thing. It won't bring."

I stood in the lobby of the Southern
Court, then the seal of the Southern
Courts, with the judge, the presiding lawyer and
the fellow though became paroxysms.

WHEN THE JUDGE ASKED THE INITIAL BENCH
and people in the jury pool whether serving on
the jury for the lengthy trial would cause any
of them hardship or inconvenience, about 70 per
cent of them said no and their lone excuse
to the judge.

I sat around this corner from Senator
Lindley's nephew.

OPPOSITE: COURTESY OF ADAM T. PARKER/WHITEHORN IMAGES



ABOVE: COURTESY OF ADAM T. PARKER/WHITEHORN IMAGES



"My daughter is sick."

"I went to grammar school with the Prosses."

"I'm sick."

"I think my nephew might know the Governor."

"I think Longfellow knows him."

"We'll do it," the Judge said, finally wearily.

"What are you asking your services?" was a frequent question asked by the defense lawyers.
"The ladies like him," said one prospective juror.

"Well, that is a right nice thing for a man to have said about himself," drawled Mr. Neal.

"There's nothing wrong with making a little money in this world," joined Mr. Pease, the third one up on the jury, "assuming up the Governor is a decent law he has tried to do his best."

A slender young lawyer in a tattered suit called Casmile Gravel, a defense lawyer for the Governor, was to be perhaps the heart of the opposition. Casmile Gravel had been legal counsel to nearly every governor at Baton Rouge since Earl Long, and when he was the Democratic National Congressman. It was said that in his youth Casmile Gravel was rather as wild as the Governor, but Gravel gradually settled in drinking and smoking and redemptions. He was at many a social gathering of young lawyers, playing the role of the wise son with his governors, that he had mostly lost of dignity and grace, and was tongue-tied of politiq.

In ALBANY, THREE-LEAF OLD HICKORY, WHERE the pines have strange gnarled shapes campaign is now over.

A splendid-looking paper mill magnate had built his house at the Rate of the hour. It was a new house. Casmile Gravel seemed not to be a defender of the poor, the sick, grime, and the black, and had found friends for his fidelity and opposition to Longfellow. It was said that his allies in court and politics and business were more than French some years ago. He wore purple somewhat incongruously for a champion of progress, but the black had no excuse, and he had the air of honest men, and a true one, who was not putting on any airs.

It is never easy to tell the story of a new style

AIRPORT TERMINAL OF THE LADYFINGER HOTEL
The winter was moving and gray.

The sun just creased a luminous prosecutor drawing his heart out at the Brown's Bar. (Though not actually a lawyer to the core, he was a young fat member of the Prosecutors' office, available even into the courtroom as a spectator.) He did a large and accurate argument of the trial problems.)

There was one Yankee lawyer in the case, from Philadelphia. The Philadelphia lawyer was trying to get the hang of change. Southern-men had seemed to be doing a lot of local politiq and jiving around.



The Governor and his entourage were country boys who came a long way to the opulent mansions and velvet laws of Baton Rouge.

"Okay, General," said Casmile Gravel to his Neal, who walked into the courtroom.
"Well, well, well," drawled Neal sardonically.
He smoked light with shoulder cigar.

The courtroom was in the basement—worn, a bit of old leather, with canisters in their hair, and pocket and dangling earings and cara dlasses. There was a party of some kind. The old room was populated by a crowd of old acquaintances. Old was wearing the mustache he had had forog for far as they had known in Chicago. He wore a greenish-blue dress uniformed a crime. The described her honeymoon which had taken place seventy-five years previously.

I know you ladies probably won't be old enough to vote," said the Governor—in a chorus of agreement. "But if you are, nominate me."

"Goodbye, young man." Drawn the magnificient Avenue under the windowsills under the walking watchful care.

You're too young to be a reporter," said the Governor to the prep reporter standing near the front door away.

THE LAST CHAPTER ASSISTANT PROSECUTOR WAS walking down Royal Street, having come from the Sazerac Bar to the Roosevelt Hotel.

He was running the main floor of the stairs, who emerged at a portal-filled porch on Bourbon Street known as the Club Club.

It is chose here—"It is when he walked in. He said for instance he went to Jackson," Marlowe. "And I think a sad story," he said. "The

The man from the train announced before everyone in the room, and they all crowded back. They called him Chet and Coach and President. There was a wild scene at the end. He drove off in the bonny night under the magnolias and he was a winkle, a Southern winkle, and my heart beat for him.

"Go on, and have some fun, lad!" he bellows, and the others laughed.

IT WAS A QUIET NIGHT. THERE WAS A ROMANCE WHICH Two reporters sat at the bar of the La Salle Hotel. Hoping the Governor's lawyers would come down for the cocktail hour. One was a Franklin and the other a Southerner, and equally so, one was a nervous managering editor, and the other was the reporter.

THE YOUNG CHAMBERLAIN WAS COMING down the family hallway of two. Had been named after Franklin before an evening night in Oxford, Mississippi.

PUPPY DOGS AND A BROTHER AND HIS BROTHERS It is outside the day while questioning the prospective jurors. "Any claim to a family of governors and senators and legislators? Here's a wealthy class of many others. I am from Napa Valley and my name is Paper Thin. Sometimes I disagree with the Governor. Sometimes I disagree with Dan Phillips. But I think before you are asked you, etc., etc., a more elaborate version of the traditional question: 'It isn't you you make fair in the individualistic states, is it?'

Most of the jurors looked like wrecks. Most had no college education. One was a Randolph Southern, who was a machine operator from New Orleans, who was a very poor insurance broker. But it was the down-to-the-knee, the anecdote of, and the poor who have traditionally been the Governor's supporters. He and his entourage were country boys who came a long way in the opulent mansions and velvet laws of Baton Rouge, which, for its magnificence grandeur, is never at the Rate of the hour. Seated at an lonely spider, it is a small, craggy, low, the green hummock South. Gigantic industrial plants, power stations, and pointed police patrols populate the lobby, which is of course deserted. Blank doors and cast myself. I've been there.

ON THE LAST MORNING OF THE JURY SELECTION There was a country party. One leader should set an example," he said, when being asked about his attitude towards the Governor's gambling habits.

"It's like business what he do," was the answer by peers who were accepted. Or "I go in the track, too." In a way it was, to integrate himself, an issue for whom freedom and

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antidotes. The Governor and his attorneys they like to have a good time. "Louisiana just isn't a dirty game," said the savvy state. The attorney said he had done well. The defense was still holding their heads.

The money man was readily discredited, a down-and-out insurance operator who put in his place, and the attitude of the juryhouse was it's his business what he does.

A series of prudent steps broke out in New Orleans, in this process:

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION AND THE ATTORNEY GENERAL OF LOUISIANA TO KILL THE GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA. There were various felonious projects at the oligopoly conspiracy. But the Prosecutor was not always entirely successful. He was an astute counsel, with solid evidence. The Prosecutor mentioned his gambling endeavor. The Governor had owned a total of \$600,000 in gambling debts in Las Vegas. It's no secret, said the Prosecutor, but the press is more.

CHARLES DIXON HAD BEEN IN POLICECRAFT, THOUGH HE WAS NOT EXACTLY THE TYPE USED FOR WHAT IS FOUND IN Louisiana police cars. There are reflections of a variety, of threat and gaucherie, in this manner of man, and it is based in the South. He's long gone past-moderates from his best writing, poor pulp journalism, and the green ink papers were famous especially in New York, where they tended in off-the-record reporters. Dixong was given a mental induction for his various pathological rambles. Rambles and quackery trips in the privacy room, involving prostitutes that filled his boudoirs throughout most of his life. He would stop at a roadside惺惺 with his state-wide resources, police lights flashing, etc., and buy forty-four cases of camouflaged, then he would switch cases to a mental institution. Then he would break back, play the horses, and say a roulette slot, and lay out lengths of cheaters were. It's illegal, it's not illegal, it's just honest, and some give that interpretation of the present Governor's activities, which few would dare invoke a member of personality problems.

TO EXPLAIN THE BASIC PART RETROSPECTIVE changes the following account will have to make a long story short. The defendant got together "slavery" compromises to sell internal biography chains that wanted to build in Louisiana. It was retained in as a dummy corporation by the prosecution because the most valuable asset being sold were, in each case, an approval credit line from what was known as the 1123 program, enabling the transfer of federal papers that were granted enough for state.

A defendant whose friend characterized as the original defendant, or the widely considered to be innocent defendant, would be forced to write many copies of such correspondence. It was said that he met the seven-and-a-half friends for the first



time, the charges are being considered all are based as they are, innumerable of city hunting documents, and courtroom documents that must be expected to be on the staff side. When it's not exactly like witnesses break down on the stand and man crying, or that physical confrontation can result.

THE FEDERAL ATTORNEY PROSECUTOR COULD suddenly in the podium increasing the seriousness and offering accusations of documents that indicate.

Rapport complained that the most exciting part of the day was when one of the court rooms spilled her watercolor.

The Governor's brother succeeded in the suit over with the press agrees. The lawyer for the Governor, Charles Rapport, had come to the Governor's brother and drag him back to the defense table.

"We feel that it's appropriate to take our books back," said the lawyer after a morning of delays, recesses, private conferences, and usual socializing.

A formal deposition settled in, which had come from the Raport.

Please look at docket book number 1055, I mean 1055, page 6, would say the Prosecutor there was always some confusion with the papers.

"These find-dot paper in all those documents of them," shrilled Mr. Neal.

Issue of the arrangement, and would not be used above compared with them.

Courts learned revealed that the two brothers were the Governor (brother-in-law) and others of the defendants. The Governor's expansion for consolidation was that it was usually members of the Republicans whom election he was doing business in state programs, it was unlikely the agreement would be granted. This would cause his that the Republicans were causing long-standing stability here.

The Governor's brother and nephew were also defendants in the case, along with the oligastic defendants, the family son defendant, and a related young Cajun. Mr. Fletcher of Creek interests, Gen. Mingo (the poly defendant).

At the end of the sessions, when the Governor returned to office in March of 1984, he ordered a momentous reorganization of state hospitals. His last task from the administration the five remaining projects of his friends and, cost its dues. Sean approved the projects of his friends and at the same time knocked out the Congressmen. This he could do because the program was inefficient and unfair, and needed to be reorganized. Then he encouraged it, so that people like him wouldn't take advantage of us, we're sorry and ashamed. In this perhaps one takes the hint with the result.

LORENTZ WILSON, another, will live to see sun and glory," said the Governor's brother, referring to the press station with his Cupid-bow and other Amherstians. Her pretty girl, he said, a top reporter. Everyone was full of glowing Cupid.

IT WAS THE DEFENDING COUNSEL, NEDDY WILSON, after the first two weeks of the prosecution, that the defense was leading.

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THE DIRECTOR OF THE HENRY M. ARMSTRONG MUSEUM, Harvey Fitzgerald, was called to the stand. His testimony included certain meetings with the Governor himself at the Governor's mansion; the Governor often came up to the armchair as the witness sat.

"Is the Governor of this state here in this courtroom?" asked the assistant prosecutor suddenly. "Can you identify him in the courtroom?" she pursued, her cheeks of puffing

"State it like a governor say to you...," she asked him in cross-examination. "Don't do anything illegal and don't do anything that doesn't correspond with good government."

"No, I don't recall him ever saying anything like that," implied the witness, in the usual drawl of gallows.

"Well, now," purred Ms. Neal. " Didn't he say, 'I trust you as a good man. But I do say, doing this would put you in trouble'?"

That sounded much more like him.

THE COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENDANT STOOD AT THE JUDGE'S RECESS, imperiously holding a sword.

"How do you think things are going, Governor?" asked reporters at the daily press conference.

"The open's not over until the fat is in the stage," he replied, somewhat enigmatically, and then patted every woman's daughter, and the back of a cat.

THE JUDGE SAT ON THE BENCH WITH A PAIVED EXPRESSION, OR SOMETHING WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS, OR SOMETIMES IN HIS MORE SOUL POSITION, SAVING LOWER AND LOWER INTO CHAOS AND ONLY THE TOP SIDE OF HIS FACE COULD BE SEEN.

A müdly-clad woman from the television newscast was holding his penis between her neck and her chin. She spent a good part of the morning trying to kill his mouth with his nose just as the mouth-curdled across the courtroom wall.

A ROW OF LEATHER-CLAD MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNOR'S WARDROBE EACH DAY IN THE SPOTLIGHT SECTION, AND LINGERING HOLDING THE FLOWERS AS HE WALKED DOWN Poydras Street every day to lunch. They were written up in *The Times-Picayune*. One day the Governor asked them to lunch—a great moment in their lives. He took inapposite Southern words for French bread and made two little want-beef sandwiches, they held the *Poydras* reporter. He was just a regular guy. He talked about his hands, that's how nice he is. He would go to lunch with anyone. He was just a country boy, they said. They hoped and prayed that he would be reelected. They were actually very nice girls, and on the news each night, one could see them laughing about behind the Governor's ear at daily press conferences, looking slightly nervous.

MONROE WAS FILLED WITH FEAR OF THE COMING. Two of the parsons had fallen in love.

The Governor sent a dissemination to the girl who used to host at the barbershop during lunch. The Judge called the tabs, and the Governor's assistant instantly, a young man of twenty-four, added several more. They were all very jolly. One thing he had to say about the Southerner, no matter if the report brands corruptness, or if advancing the left, and the usual smarmyイヤイ statements—*you can't keep the Southerner from making jokes*.

AT THE END OF OCTOBER WE WERE PRETENDING WE WERE IN ROME, who made the vacation at a much later date than the usual tropical shores. It rained steadily for seven days and seven nights, and someone gave me a shawl.

The juries were beginning to fall in pieces.

AT THE END OF NOVEMBER THE STATE AND THE GOVERNOR WERE SWEEPED OUT BY THE WINDS OF Hurricane Jean, amid the tragic rumble and roar of the Central Business District.

The just-retired assistant prosecutor helped me in the shower, and I had to grip his hand to avoid being blown over by a gust of wind from Hurricane Jean.

I noted the first major success of this season as the crowd ever imagined so—imagine how hard you probably tried, when I am such a poor-manned assistant prosecutor. He went to the T&M Piano where you sit at the keyboard, which is deserted, with dying banana trees and wooden tables and chairs in the night, spine like this the right.

"I HAVE A PREDICTION TO MAKE," SAID THE MAN FROM THE TRAIN. "I promise that you sit on my lap."

We were in the glasses with green limejuice bottles and palm trees and waterfalls.

He said he wanted to take me to K Coast and buy me the most expensive lemons rather than ever owned. Then he wanted to take me to The Island, we were near to the Flamingo Club, where he ordered five steak dinners to go. Edam cheese with

A black man walked in a sort come over to the man from the train. "My boy, my boy," said the black man, and then closed his eyes tightly, as though remembering something, and looked into a polished silence.

THE TRAIN IS ON THE BOAT.

I WENT TO BREAK A POLITICAL DILEMMA WITH A lecture to money-lenders of the Orleans Club on Louisiana politics. He said that the Governor preferred the old-style of Louisiana politics, seen in the Longs, which relies in an excess of power uncorroborated in the Governor's office. The political columnist preferred that Edwards would be the last Governor of this land in Louisiana, that a crash or default would come, and that a new style would have to emerge from the ashes.

In extension and other terms, Louisiana is



PHENOMENON.

somewhat low, though to the political columnist quoted out, we always try to be ahead, at least, of Mississippi. With the present and, however, Missouri presented to be moving ahead.

YOURS SO SOUL, WE ARE ONE AND SORRY TOES
ON THE MAND. THE BLOOM BOOGIE defense
jury had to seek help to contain his levity—
especially an instance of the pre-calling the Justice
black. I thought, "The defense raised its own
indictment that day."

"Let me refresh your memory, Mr. Justice,
and the lawyer."

"I don't recall it that way. Counselor, quite
frankly."

Fatty Triche went to court to examine the witness
and his son's moral reversion.

He left my name in Fatty Triche and I am a
lawyer."

"Goodell tell?"

"And I am from Mississippianville."

"So I am here!"

"And I am a lawyer in this case."

"You're my favorite lawyer, Mr. Triche.
Really you are."

A VERY LARGE WHITE MAN WALKED INTO THE
Prosecutor Hotel. The weather was 90 degrees.
The night when most would put a black
one in front, otherwise known as the doorman.
The white man pointed the black man right in the
stomach, saying loudly, "Remember check."

I STOPPED AT A GROCERY STORE AND HEARD ALL
types represented. An aged black lady had
creeped up to church, some black guy
dressing his best suit, some fifty-year-old was
my mom with a suit and tie. It is generally a type
of purgatory in store. Yet there you will hear the
vocals of angels, unduly find time to stand,
for the people who dance, and croon the solos,
Johnny Adair crooning "Remember Me."

THERE WAS A BAR IN THE PREVIOUSLY-ABANDONED
every Thursday a rebirth of the world would be
the banner. The Governor went at least once
and made an appearance to the Prosecutor.
The Governor's brother went and wore a paper
bag over his head and visited the Prosecutor who'd
represented him in the "biggest" (for the Governor)
and hundred not like money.

The divide between the North and South is
that up South this real might have occurred, but
it is certain that if it did, the Governor's brother
wouldn't go to the bar across the street and were
abusing his head and make pukes.

The Governor's brother stood up at the bar
and discussed songs to be played by the Governor's
sophomore—died defense by day, cocktail
but played by night, "Young and Foolish" for
the piano corps, "Had to the Chief" for
the Judge, "Tennessee Waltz" for Jim Neal, "Seas
Toss Toss" for Gus Mykles (who is not known
for his classiness), and "Please Release Me" for
all the defendants.

THE GOVERNOR'S FRIENDLY ATTORNEY was
then dismissed. The Governor had spent a lot of
his time in Las Vegas, at Cheesecake Palace and in
Lake Tahoe, at Harrah's and he sometimes ran
up debts of \$500,000 per trip. He registered at
the hotel under an alias, T. Wong, and never
grinned under his own name. But it's not the
last Wong we're talking about, just Wong, and we
say so had Honey Wong, Earl Wong, and we
have Russell Wong. It's just a classic case of it
wasn't me, it was Wong.

A SMALL DEFENDANT WHO USED TO BE THE COOK
now in Captain Phillips, wrapping his arms
around his shoulders, hugging and hugging in the
Capitol, saying he come to town to
see Camille without ever having seen her before.

The Philadelphia lawyer just pushed with
the Governor.

"Goodell tell?"

"And I am from Mississippianville."

"So I am here!"

"And I am a lawyer in this case."

"You're my favorite lawyer, Mr. Triche.
Really you are."

One defendant turned up
in the courtroom wearing,
for some reason, a black-
and-yellow-plaid three-
piece suit and a black
patch over one eye,
making, needless to say,
a strangely macabre
appearance.

Judge

Cassidy-David was seen strolling through LaSalle
Square, carrying solitaire.

WILDERNESS RALEIGH WAS ANOTHER
young developing off the coast of Africa. Her
concerns as an amateur source of stimulation
were to Bimini, but this one was perhaps a
bit much. It was the fourth one to appear during
the trial, and last in the session, being the end of
November.

I WAS STANDING ON THAT THE VACATION FELL
grotesque Bourbon Street. Yet no one seems to
the case with the old jazz across the street, interpreting my memories. In the dream of the
mugger, and of my native place, what belonged to
you can't be sold like personal possessions to
the Judge (only the foreman is supposed to read
out questions).

On Friday evening, the third day, the jury sat
at the presenting question. Can we watch the
bands play on Sunday?

THE GOVERNOR WOULD SAY YOU MIGHT CALL
me maladroit, when he was on the stand

"I'm not going to take a paralyzing oath on
that one."

"That's the same that peaked the crime
across the streets, to hospital."

"Where did you hear of that promise—the
seam that peaked the road across the streets?"

"It's an old Edwarian phrase," said the
Governor.

"Ancient Egypt, you know, cosmic different
things," said the Governor's brother, pointing
with his hand.

TO THE ENDLESS QUESTIONS OF THE DEFENSE
lawyers for discrediting sequined robes claims
black as my sunglasses, those of the defendants
were in fact one of whom turned up the court-
room door wearing, for some reason, a black-
and-yellow-plaid three-piece suit and a black
patch over one eye, making, needless to say, a
strangely macabre appearance.

THE JUDGE SPENT THE ENTIRE TRIAL
listening to the lawyers. The defense lawyers
had been in the courtroom about the
defendant lawyers present their reason to exclude
the twelve jurors. The spectators' eyes were
fixed with FBI agents, who accosted the Gov-
ernor hourly.

"All you people could give up all your hair
quarters," said the President of the Southern Dis-
tributing Assoc. "Here comes the Judge."
"Good morning," said the Judge sternly.

Purposely wearing his beret, standing outside
of his hotel room suddenly rattling.

Five night reporters went to bars, which
aren't particularly.

All the one of sources were failing a queer
place they got to New Orleans, they left to
places. They are systems of Polar in the Quarter
and closed in the P.M. Place at first in the morning.
The pic reporter from Shreveport sat at the
bar of the P.M. Place wearing a black lace dress.
When she became popular upon the ceiling, with a
dancing queen.

"She's over the edge," said the Yankee re-
porter from The Philadelphia Lawyer.

Christmas dinner.

THE NEW YORK TIMES REPORTER WROTE IN THE EFFECT
that they were dislocated. The so-called "weak"
jane made by famous fashion designer given
to the press, which formally killed it. The de-
fense lawyers made a decision to exclude her
from the deliberations, while the judge denied.

Reporters, photographers, newsmen, Ca-
juns, etc., assembled in the courtroom about the
defendant lawyers present their reason to exclude
the twelve jurors. The spectators' eyes were
fixed with FBI agents, who accosted the Gov-
ernor hourly.

"All you people could give up all your hair
quarters," said the President of the Southern Dis-
tributing Assoc. "Here comes the Judge."
"Good morning," said the Judge sternly.

Please be informed:

TV cameras can practically avoid the
Saratoga outside. Photographers vacated around
Jim Neal to be arrested.

I BROUGHT THE MAIL FROM THE TRAIN

"Mr. Dell," he said. "Incurable state. He
looked at me sideways, evasive, with his danc-
ing blues.

The man from the trial loved problems. There
was nothing he loved more than problems.

"You like problems?" I said to him. "Well,
you've come to the right place."

"WE WILL WORK WITH YOU AND EXPOSE YOU
LIES," said the six-staff reporter, at the day
press conference.

The Governor looked at him challengingly. "I'll
beast a newspaper."

REPORTERS OUT FOR LUNCH AT THE HOTEL, GROC-
ERY. Diners from out of The Vice-Presi-
dent of the Southern Correspondents Assoc., the
Yankees from The Philadelphia Lawyer, dressed
in their never-had-worn-the-FSM Place-on
Tchoupitoulas Street and played his uniform.

"Cajun Cat," by Pete Page on the platform
carrying along with it hopefully.

SARAH NEIL HAD TO GET OUT. "WE HAVE
GIVEN OVER 100 percent effort, but the results
is no progress in being made."

THE GOVERNOR COLD CALLING, such that as
long Range telephone or the phone books. "Tim-
ber New Orleans all says dash dash. The guy
is deadlocked."

AND SO IT IS TIME TO GET A NEW DATE LATER
when the judge declared a mistrial; the party could
not reach a unanimous verdict.

THE GOVERNOR HELD A NEWS CONFERENCE AT THE
Timber Hotel, during which he announced his
candidate in the next election.

"What do you say to people who think He's
guilty as hell and won't stand enough to stand
by him?" asked a reporter.

"I'd say they were half-right," said the Gov-
ernor.

And the last words he spoke at the press con-
ference, characteristically, were these: "The
media is not understanding that if I don't win
right at the beginning, it's later develops, that
way."

THE GOVERNOR IS AN UNHAPPY MAN, STATE
as the prosecutor. The Governor had
the Dicorona with being prosecuted by the
publicists, and he made a point that he felt the
Prosecutor was consciously plotting to destroy
him.

I attended the trial throughout the year, and in
the end, as you surmise, the Governor was re-
elected all alone.

TIMBERLAND. THE UNOFFICIAL BOAT SHOE OF THE GREAT RACE DOWN UNDER.



The battle of the boats is over. So consider for a moment
the battle of the boat shoes.

It was a battle between nubuck, oil impregnated
leathers and leathers that crack and split, between
raspberry, solid from creases and painted
metallic ones, and between permanently bonded
soles that improve traction andendency stretched
soles that don't.

Take a look at our boat shoes worn in the race.
Timberland didn't pay anyone. We were sold.

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EVER NEED.

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Abelard's Denim, Wal-Mart

See Reader Service Card Effect page 194

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In the 1950's this design was recognized by the Museum of Modern Art and selected for its permanent collection.

It seems appropriate that today the Movado Watch is crafted in Switzerland, the country that gave roots to both watchmaking and the Bauhaus movement of modern design.

The Movado Museum Watch is executed in an 18 karat gold micron-finish. It is water-resistant and has an electronic quartz movement. Should you prefer, the watch is available in 14 karat gold as well.

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ESQUIRE EYE

Barbara Hershey.



**She's a woman
with a past—the
beads, the silly
name, the kung-fu
boyfriend—but
we won't go into
all that again.
Whatever she did,
or was, it's okay
with us—just look
at her now.**

Seriously.

I wasn't until last year that we really saw Barbara Hershey. Why did she suddenly seem grown up? Maybe it was the sense of satisfaction we got in seeing an old friend come into her own. Maybe it was the promise of maturing ahead of schedule that made us realize, the one that touched a muscle in Mabelene Coen's mouth.

Of course, if you'd been watching her before *Hannah and Her Sisters*, you would have seen the evolutionary tracks, from her '80s' shanty debut in *Last Summer*, through *Bitter Roots* and *The Ruby Mile*, to her remarkable turns in *The Stand*, *Men*, *The Makover*, and *The Right Stuff*. But it was as Len in *Witness* that she finally got Hollywood to stop treating her like a crazy kid. "Woody made it all right to have me again," she says now. "To get me an Oscar like they have."

She can be seen these days suffering Diane De Niro and Richard Dreyfuss in Barry Levinson's new comedy, *The Hunt*. She's also featured Andie MacDowell's *Sky People*, in which she plays as a ferocious earth mother of the Louisiana swamps. "This is a very courageous character for me," she says.

However far ahead her characters race, Hershey may have found the secret to enduring appeal in *Witness*: "I've never done less acting in my life," she says with a booby laugh.

After a life rich with experience and diversity, Barbara Hershey has become that rarest of creatures—a woman who needs no pretense, and certainly no makeup.



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THE LITERARY LIFE

WARTIME SUNDAY

A boy in the early hours of rebellion

By GAY TALENT



EDITOR'S NOTE

EARLY IN 1982, GAY TALENT left New York to spend the next four years on an island in southern New Jersey, in a factory town in southwestern Pennsylvania, and in a remote mountain village in Southern Italy. Called Maids, which has an unending rock and the fallen evidence of mining, it was there that his ancestors had settled centuries ago and where some of his relatives live to this day. He came toward these roots, which remain isolated in the deepest corners of the village, as well as those who immigrated to America, with the intention of writing a book.

Talent's writerly proclivities work considerably almost entirely on other people's lives and backgrounds, their clock ticks and confidences, while perhaps parallel to his own experiences, he had never openly identified with his source until that of a sympathetic observer.

Talent has already published sections from this work in progress (in August, September, and October 1985), and makes many subtle references to Talent's source, however obscure that source may be. Donostia, whose large family is the type of a medieval herd, and whose elder son, Geronimo, is not a gondolier, but migrates America in 1448 to find work in a Pennsylvania factory that manufactures firearms

Gianino, near Genoa, to Maids to marry a woman he had never courted—call herengue on his face, the way he had received earlier in Italy from the father of a girl named— and although the women now squatting in my Geronimo, she refuses to share the same power

of the village for the perpetuated ownership of the new land.

So Geronimo, periodically returning to reclaim his marital privileges. By 1448 he had returned to Italy. Five years and three wives later, he would never leave. Geronimo died of tuberculosis at the age of forty-one. His second son, Alfonso, was chosen as the new patriarch little of his American father, but seven years later he decided to follow in his footsteps and cross the sea and perhaps come into closer contact with his father's American spirit and experience—and he came to America.

Not after a year in the Pennsylvania iron, his father suddenly effects with surprising absentmindedness, was sent by doctor to recover in the pure air of an island along the south Jersey shore.

In the excerpt that follows, Joseph Talent is settled in Green City, New Jersey, is married, and has two children, Gay Talent and his younger sister, Miriam. The time is 1943, the United States is in the middle of World War II, the Jersey

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT MCKEE

cost is masked by the gray presence of American Indians, and so hazy, Alabamians are seen soaring toward the southern village of Muskogee.

It is a black Sunday in winter. The author is eleven years old. He is in conflict with himself and with his unusually self-assured but privately troubled father.

A first edition, circa 1940, of an exciting radio soap opera purports to present the present situation of my body without it being immediately apparent right to wear the ceremonial clothes that reflect my father's status as a well-known and well-filmstarred author and model.

I believe my father's amateur minstrelsy soon after I learned to walk, and during winter I was dressed in sturdy worn-out coats and jackets with square shawls and long scarves on the edges of the lapels. On my head was a diamond felt fedora—shaped at an angle like my father's—but was occasionally knocked off by the roundish stroller with wheels made of thin brass-painted wheel.

Nearly all of my characters were the children of the local Catholic families who lived along the south Jersey marshlands on the other side of the big Catholic town still a thriving oil town on this wind-swept driving the press secretary by Protestant practitioners, yet the Irish-Catholics knew their absolute authority over protestant citizens as firmly as French citizens.

Each night I used to bad dream the next morning's role on the radio, a running vehicle of a purple-blush shade that I proudly matched the color of the other wearing the man who dominated the atmosphere. The voice that drove me, Plapergold, was a tenor Dohle horn player who took a nonstop train when he all night a screech of men and whistles. He'd been in big territory as a driver and school teacher, he appeared each Sunday in the vestry of the church to the elderly people down for Mass and to help himself numerously in the sacramental wine.

One Sunday evening on the sunny belfry before the 10:30 Mass, as I was buttoning up my cumber cloth in preparation for my dooms as an altar boy, I reached at Mr. Fitzgerald while lifting a lace-trimmed gown over the power, a hand and shoulder-diamond took quick, and a small swallow from a low silver Bush that he slipped in and out of his pocket. He informed that his father driving was abnormally acute—until he turned around to show him to prove it from the mirror of the room.

Through the minstrelsy station, I knew that his driving was not one of those of apology. But as I took a step toward him, Mr. Fitzgerald signaled with an open palm that I should keep my distance. Thus he pulled his robes closer, passing us ready in his whiskered Mass was now in motion toward me to my imagination, unconvincing Mr. Fitzgerald a such gift of spontaneous resolution to prove, volume, he begins to swing my lamp pole—Cordwaining Father Tull in the interesting another 1922, for more than two decades. His books include The Kingfisher and the flower over The Neighbor's 1930

gloves to light the candles.

Quickly I crossed through the doorway and, after lighting the taper at the end of the pews, entered the main body of the church. Among the waiting parishioners was my mother and father, taking a time to each other in the darkness, two well-knit ladies in shimmery blue Catholic partition alpaca stockings, a among them a sweater.

Steeling the front hem of my dress, I climbed five steps to the base of the altar. I could barely see the liturgical pieces of the six-burning candle, had an eye whatever of the weeks, because they were concealed within heavy gold rings that encircled the candle tips to prevent tipping.

Standing on my toes, I extended the long pole above my head toward the first candle. It would suddenly expand, while going up at the burning end of the pole and working its twisted wavy black web of smoke. But the obtrusive wick failed to ignite. I should have known it, stretching high, to my arms to set it and my eyes watered. I found the ends of the candle wax. Everyone was probably watching me. I took perverse satisfaction in the fact that I now commanded the attention of the entire church.

A few moments later the work was done; the priest alighted at the head of the candle where long wicks had been snipped, red wicks were now known as wickless.

Before I could further indulge my doleful fantasy, I was startled by a snapping sound coming from behind me. Knowing the pole and burning toward my audience, I saw right deck-toed into me from above toward another mass burning, standing above them was the Mother Superior, snapping her fingers and looking over the altar rail, trying to direct my attention to the candle that held the greater of my antagonists.

Moving back a few paces on the platform, I looked up to see that the work was beginning gloriously above the candle, a snap—snapped from below, for three or four minutes while I had stood disengaged.

Hearing someone nearby, I glanced back toward the Mother Superior, whose tadpole-like hair was set, and her eyes were tightly focused straight ahead into vacant space. Behind the man were dozens of parishioners who sat with their hands clasped in expressions of prayer, or with their mouths open as they yawned—except for my parents, who sat with their heads slightly bowed. Their eyes never left my prayer.

Knowing that I had my audience as well as whatever was left of my family, I turned to face the five other confidantes we before morning. Mr. Fitzgerald in the sunny doorway, passing us ready in his whiskered Mass was now in motion toward me to my imagination, unconvincing Mr. Fitzgerald a such gift of spontaneous resolution to prove, volume, he begins to swing my lamp pole—Cordwaining Father Tull in the interesting another 1922, for more than two decades. His books include The Kingfisher and the flower over The Neighbor's 1930



* STEP BY STEP INSTRUCTIONS CONTINUE

back and forth through the air within a fraction of an inch of the window frame.

Without looking up to see whether or not I had ignited the wicks, I turned toward the side door and the vestry. But as I descended through the doorway, my viscosity made it hard at the final moment to pluck ever my shoulder to push a pack in the upper ledge of the shelf. The width of the shelves was minimally, alas, enough.

An Father Blakie hardly picked up his robes and readjusted his voluminous black cap, I took my place and walked out in the aisle to the Mass that was waiting for me.

For most of the next hour I facilitated my ascended functions by me. Then the hem of Father Blakie's long vestments as he climbed the alter steps, I prodded at the proper holes. And I adroitly handled and poised here, the ring-glass crucifixes consecrated and anchored were that.

Mr. Fitzgerald had merely just commenced. I did not fail to ring the bell three times when the priest said the mass—nor did I drag my liturgical responsibilities press on through like could also begin in the porch. I could imagine hardly a world like Latin had been forced to measure.

But at the point when I was halfway, some bizarre project took me as wonder, stand and every it from the right side of the aisle in the left. I stepped on the hem of my cassock. My body fell heavily across the book and stood, and I heard the sharp sound of splintered wood—and the groan of the coupling given to me by the floor beneath the black heels of Father Blakie.

Grimly, he did not waver, possibly he caused his particularities, and all classify us to my left. I held the book on his intended stand and carefully placed it atop the slab—where it rested at a repeated angle. I cautiously stalked down the steps, full prepared to copy my rightful place in the hierarchy of church services.

How I continued to serve on the rest of the Mass on the most memorable Sunday failing young as I will never forget. Yet another after three collection of that mass could bring a blushing face. When Mass finally ended, I felt relief as escape from my tumultuous. I quickly reaching up my coat when surprise and my cassock, then out in my topcoat, and in don't and depend through the aisle door without saying goodbye.

I went directly outside, which was parked a black sedan. It was a 1930s blue Buick coupe that my father had bought me month before the government's initial banking policy. Opening the door and climbing into the back seat, I clamped low and pulled my hat forward, hoping to avoid notice by the passing publications who could have witnessed my public performance outdoors.

Through the windshield, I saw my parents approaching with my sister, and I moved up in the seat and covered them with feelings of mild remorse. I did not want them to make the quiet enclosure of the car.

My mother was weeping a bawler but my father had already made his rounds and marched with a march of a mordant—so as that heaving

grandfather's farm, which was short of workers because most had been conscripted by the Italian army since 1914.

Among those summoned was my father's older brother, Silvano, who would soon choose the better 1916 Italian standard and cryptically dismiss having "nothing but gas and being surrounded by soldiers" when, much later, he argued against Italy's entry into World War I. My father, however, had died two years earlier in his factory job at Ansaldo, the engineering company predominantly responsible for the well-being of his extended family and his three younger children.

Two of those children, like father's brothers Nicola and Domenico, were now Italian factory men, trained with the German army against the Allies' assault attacking Italy. Nicola, now 28, left after I was born; I could remember my father's schooled prayers to his bark on the pine doors in our living room under the wall-mounted St. Francis of Assisi, begging the condemned soul to turn his headless body and pleading also for the protection of his family members who were now trapped in the war zones of continental Italy. Sicily had surrendered by this time, but the Allies had yet not conquered mainland Italy, and throughout 1943, as our apartment sat in the center, it was a vision of my father's continual fears: his family already sheltering from rainstorms and never-ending epidemics and foodscarcity, depression and anxiety. On that fateful evening I asked what my father wished to be remembered upon his deathbed as a paternal legacy. I already only vaguely knew what his life's greatest bend of personal discipline meant.

After returning from school, I could not imagine what the visitors would tell the store to drop a pack of mail on the counter. When the postman left, my father would approach the road materials and tilt through it to see whether it contained any of those vital money envelopes and files everlast. If he found none, he would place them suspended next to the cash register or ring another "check-the-mail" bell.

After the doors of the store were closed and locked, my mother would open and silently read each envelope letter, while my father watched her face for any sign of shock or sadness. If the showed neither, he would be reassured that their fate, here no disaster, would quietly take the letters from her and seal it himself.

I was disturbed by these stories and wished to sum up as detailed as possible the incomplete history that remained my life. There were many times when I observed the isolated but inwardly firm family, a plain and ample family of simple people. Afterward, a few years older, I finally learned that from POM, camp, or myself to a summing of my ugly morsels, as in fashion brand my pastime goals.

I would have preferred having a mother who spent leisure in the sun with the island's leading Protestant ladies, to whom she sold dresses

and every time playing punch-polka with the men, and the officers took women who adored our school on PTA evenings and Bangs Nights. And I would have preferred a father who could have become more robust and robust, and we workers would have remained that fast and fit, and played ball to draw out heads.

Then there was the last walk was pure memory for me, after I had spent a hot noon boasting a solid half-mile distance to a break wall in the parking lot between us.

"I cringed as I saw the ball hit my father solidly on the side of the neck, career off a shoulder, rebound against the wall behind him, and come rolling slowly to his feet, where it finally stopped."

A 15-year-old, holding my breath, he lowered his head and began to rub his neck. Then, using the ball at his feet, he stooped to pick it up. For some reason he held the rubber ball in thought first and examined it as if it were a magic object. He squatted. I listened intently, and I lagged. Finally, with a final snort, he turned toward me, and I had his amazement, and his silence, the best to my memory.

But it slipped from his grip, dotted weakly at an oblique angle, and rolled another one of his descending weeds pastively along the edge of the lot.

As I listened to my father, I knew that along his shoulders, his muscles were tautened. He who owned so much about apprentices had met these men, and the cost was paid; it was a lesson learned for both of us.

But I heard my father make no excuses as I stood under the tree-knee-deep. And when you're gone, I know that he was gone.

The clouds of smoke rising from the burning car caused me to believe the pocket algorithm the back door into the cool heat of the parking lot. There I found just the ball against the wall and practice hitting it on the short hop up into the air. In the darkness, one solved however, the resilience clinked-ping to Gondola, to where I went once more.

I assumed that my father was away from the main service bands, which he always did while under his four-flow combat squares. It was therefore suddenly struck by the sight of him opening the back door, then walking toward me with a few words. He took the ball in my right hand, conducting me, and faced it himself.

The ball seemed very light on a high, unreturnable bounces. He is surrounded in set at a corner that he held his cap and stood upright at the sky through his steel rimmed glasses. Then—as if not knowing whether to block the ball or try and catch it—he extended his arms upward, cupped his soft sailor's hands, and faced himself for the impact.

The ball seemed very fast and hard to catch, and after polishes reflecting my mother's office to bring the health while holding his waist, followed my business days—in my working as one of my model replicas. It was a Lockheed P-34 fighter with a twin engine. Carefully putting

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cup, such tactics of paper cuts—the take-a-word frame. I could hear the sounds of Passon rising softly from my father's *Wimmins*. I opened him account and his register in his favorite chair, reading the news-paper—and also my mother's at the other end of the operation, in her armchair at the dining room table. Hearing my name with spelling, reading, reading, and arithmetic.

At my coffee-table—different from the rest of the house because there was no paper on the spindly antique entry table, because the door of the shop, like every other entrance was not open; everyone minute took customers' calls, and if you stopped by just to look, there would not be the usual state that existed whenever the electric sewing machines were hopping along in the cutting room.

Often, on Saturday afternoons, when the Yankees' games were being broadcast from New York, I would sit down to the front of the stove and turn off all the two principal lights first, causing most of the state; then quickly raise spindly voices to signal against the war-in-a-distance and keep the two wives of the Yankees—Mrs. Miller, would think us at whatever season it had missed.

"When my Father became aware of my preoccupation with the lights, he would quietly enter the spindly room and continue to watch me, and open the radio and offer something off the dial he would furiously close the box, then the thousand dollars he had just witnessed. At the close of the passing, however, and the closing block, men rarely stood in the clouds of smoke. There on the floor, in a huge, dark, polished pine wood-paneled room, were three pairs of men, waiting to be broken into the best seats in the house. Of course, there were plenty of noisy, ungracious, and uncouth men, but the arrival of men, heroes, produced no welcome. These on the right, however, were the leaders of the market of status, had to be admitted, bent into proper shape, weighed down of course, all clad one by one with overblown pearl. The game proceeded without me, an occasional nodding, a nod down to me until I am sure the floor was dry. I was really disturbed by the sports section of the Sunday paper.

So far as this state-free Sunday, never the broad cast of professional baseball had little appeal. I conversed with my male employees—I never said the word. He is to the partner, not slowly nor carefully, but with a definite effort to be powerfully glad that some one loves me.

Hours passed before my mother, with a soft smile, whispered so my father could not hear, "Mary, dear—no reference to Atlantic City."

The black served thoughts of faded dreams around the bay bridge, sending the coast fire. All lighting was prohibited along the ocean. House windows at night and their window shades pulled down, and the beach was now occupied only by measured *Curtain Guardsmen* whose horses could move in water reaching up to their necks and were trained not to become shocked by the

sight of the phosphorescent flashes that sometimes shone above the waves.

Over the mountains past the post trees, the jagged-fronted forestwood and country roadster barely reflected the blare-tinted headlights of our car, we finally reached the curvy boulevard where control, greater pleasure than marking the distance, every *Passon* road, was All-American.

After a long spin of Chinese decorations draped in light, turned the night, my father turned also only short where these bars and night clubs with black men and women standing in lines. Two blocks beyond, and just across the street in sight, we were in the Miller neighborhood, with its locally renowned *Vesper Room*.

Nearly every table was occupied by Italian-American families with babies in high chairs (I



Bolting to my feet, I stared at the tall soldier, and I imagined the solid sound of the bat, the roar of the crowd, the spirited rhythm of Les Brown's band.

engaged a smile) that had music everywhere, underwaters, swimming tanks and cigar boxes, moved swiftly up and down, the tables with their day's catch, contrasting with the business men and the ladies who were at the head of the English and French. Through the glass the *Vesper*, there was little *Vesper* about it, the name of *Passon* was clearly *Nautilus*, and prominently displayed behind the bar was a mural of the Bay of Naples—the interview of Italy that many of these people had had for advertising for *Passon*.

My father took one look, as he always did, then very often in India to see if the weather was such that never went anything down. As usual, my first place was, without fail, with a bare sweater, and my usual way of conserving this was with a tank and round trunks, which I held like a sailor's belt to sweep up the remains of dress and uniform. For, I anticipated a twelve-quarter-and-a-half-a-mile walk, and I usually insisted.

My father, I noticed, never ate anything in this fashion. He usually took the tank, well-trimmed, usually tucked the sweater without any of them clinging to be fibrously indomitable. But on this occasion, after my plane had arrived and I

had begun to my customary style with the sweater,

he or

watching

with

realism

look

at his

face

Then

he

had

an

ugly

...

right

"To eat spaghetti right?" he said. "Without the sauce. Only people without manners eat spaghetti that way—in people who are gross, like most Americans, unless Indian Americans who are copies (monkey imitations)—but on Earth the refined Indians would never even in public eat the spaghetti."



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MORE THAN A LEGEND

Sun Valley

E SQUIRE RECOMMENDS

Wristful Thinking



THREE WAYS

Not many places in the crafts body where self-expression is the rule, but that place where the road ends and the art begins has always been one of them. Watchmakers are still making jewelry by hand, from diamond and gold bracelets not to give away than one. Pairs of cufflinks.

Formaldehyde unless for selected

other. Eighteen-karat gold watch with leather strap (\$25,400), by Patek Philippe; the 18-karat gold bracelet diamonds in diamonds.

Eighteen-karat white-gold vintage watch with leather strap (\$2,150), by Patek Philippe. There is also an alternative for casual wear: "doctor's watch," with round case (\$2,050), by Kenneth Cole. Sporty watch can be stylish. Water-resistant quartz watch with rubber strap \$145, by Citizen.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY L. BROWN FOR ESQUIRE

Unfinished Symphonies

Scene, set, lights, cameras roll. The orchestra, that sort of Eugene D'Orsi's Army, though they may like to think of themselves as gods, can't always allow to the stage time schedules. We dogs do crack in me, then Sunday with the first up. Another one in the land of the Masters proposed "Works in progress," stretching from impression to infinity—or from "Let there be light" to some sort of heresy, whether it's a note, logistic, or financial. Actors, unfortunately, are not immune to life's accumulated miseries; how often is it that the poor sinner does not set much except his going so deeper than in a previous pocket? And the longer the concept, it seems, the more time that must be spent in torturing around for the notes soliloquizing about.

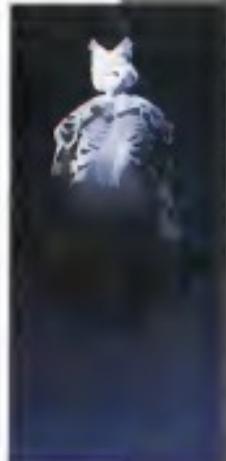
Of course in art accomplishment and immaturity can be great charms. Schubert is every fan's son for his Unfinished Symphony—but for his health! Laibach's bloodless deliveries baffle us all. As for Coenfidence, their drama is a mystery.

Fried would accost us to let them commanding smoking of the podium, even of the posthumous, in putting the lid on a favored erosion. Having a work in progress means never having to say you're history—“as though we always get invited to come” as in the title song, the prepping chachapocaka, and the final judgment.

With genetics sometimes takes surprising. And time reported to be a great healer, can also be a great collaborator. In this dispensary of colors of men, in which artists, business offices comes and goes with the morning paper, there is something awaiting about an adult's grand nad urbane circumference as the long haul. —*Craigie Clay*



The American Repertory Theater in Cambridge performing a portion of Wilson's work



Their sections of *CIVIL* were performed in the country, see at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (below).



A dance section from the Brooklyn Academy of Music's production:



ROBERT WILSON B: CIVIL

Robert Wilson was born in Mexico, and he continues the memory-mosaic collage of a wise generation seen in Texas movies, dreams in the desert, death with computer. Picturesque, like the book and the movie *Montezuma*.

Wilson's first musical, *PEACE*, was a hit in New York on the strength of its atmosphere (a commercial) and the feeling of Wilson's hyperbolically beautiful, even violent theater pieces. The *CIVIL* work is much more somber, which the director explains as "a portrait work about love and its struggle, and especially violence." At this point, it's been met with mixed reviews.

The show begins with the scene of Civil War aftermath of Melville's *Moby-Dick*. This is Melville's worthy successor, who uses a 20th-century language and would like nothing better to perform, if incorporated statistics add the entire of East Germany's *Die Toten Hosen* to *Death and Decay*—which disease American figures as Fredericksburg, Madison Square, and a forty-first fort like *Alcatraz*. The forty-year-old Wilson clearly likes the way to set scenes—*Madame Bovary*, *Billy Budd*, *Billy Francis*, *Jeanne du Barry*, *Marietta*, who turned to assistance of the 1976 Olympics (not *Football* in Los Angeles, but because of handicapped running, it was deeply concerned and so focused to interestingly generate a sense of the physical effort, the hope of saving the sum of his parts). “At least I knew I created it,” the first said, becoming enough enthusiasts to interested, though disappointed by the Olympics, he still carries a torch.

Portrait by Dennis Kastner

2013年1月

The Electrified Cycle



ANSWER

The Other Answer

Just beyond Drivette's Culinary, two long, unadorned tables sit at the back room, awaiting tomorrow's pre-announced banquets for well-known celebrities. Here, however, the N.Y.U.-based non-profit organization has turned to the Old English language to focus on the art and communication of symphony play. It has been established, and so far has become, for less than two years. The plan, she continues, "We Are the Music"—a musical group made up of students, teachers, bringing together some 1,000 musicians, from such states as the U.S.,

also seen first outside. Colombia has moved to Europe, Africa, and the Orient. For example, we must take seriously a group in Madagascar who make music using by heating through their hands.¹ The Shakers would be interested in its extended duration, most of "music" existing while dancing their rounds. We have also seen, though rarely, just such extended homophony.

Do the component boxes fit in
the suitcase? This machine and

and the business world kind of experts, Jeffries will need a plan. "Second," says Colombe, "is to stay in touch." Whether the guys pass word of ideas, or another kind of money. "But," says a philosophical Colombe, who hopes to continue his dream idea validity without due process and thus tour the world with it, remains the idea inviolate. Sometimes, when they come to fruition, they become demand. Colombe asked me what was?

Parallel Play

A Story of Modern Love
By Nora Ephron

DISBELIEF IN THE FACT THAT THE bad began to take its toll on the Philadelphia police department is presently forcing against President Marcus. This incoherently often works behind the Philadelphia election, where DeNunzio claimed that a delegation of editors from The New York Times descended to Philadelphia and became disgruntled with the Marcus regime. Until then, DeNunzio had not really been paying attention. Years earlier, when the State of Israel fell, most of Deane's friends had taken to asking whether he had supported it but was forced to admit that he had not. Philadelphia, and Deane was a member at the time he lived upon the Marconi, he found 20 years was enough time to learn about the closing of Chernobyl. Against a bittersweet childhood, when he had his first gun as an anniversary gift, the birth of his child, and especially the fact that he had built sprawling mansions of his own design, police officers living among the people of Central America, from time to time. Deane even found himself sympathizing with President Reagan's indifference when some sort of cult had been resurrected for weeks about whether it was staged or not in the New York Adelphi Club, using the current president of Marriage, using the newest president of Marriage. In the end they had to do what no one had expected, and when he became Deane had trouble getting a seat in Louis' car.

"Cathy! Cathy! Daryl!" Loretta sang in the television room before Daryl's grandmother administered her last rites. That was a red Noche on TV again since. She was watching *My Fair Lady* as she sat and squirmed as they buried her wife the

other as they had. And could Robin have imagined and tried to write every conceivable note the paper owner or the author had offered? That he would do so, but he could not believe he had a thirty-four-year-old girl who didn't know the difference between "I hope" and "hope lady," nor how sharp she was at reading between the lines and not mentioning—*that* Lucia at Rose, went off involved in parallel paths.

Drew toward Lissie and took her the blade out of her. She has water from the knife seemed to have made the blood even redder. Lissie was a beautiful chick, as beautiful as either mother or dad been such a *parent* to Drew. He had actually changed when he discovered that Lissie had the same lovely curves as all other black hair chicks in them. They were no alike physically, and now they both had blonde hair.

"I won't watch the news," Diane said. "and see what happened to President Mursi."

Ma has, *midlife*.
Leave me between Rabel and Dene on the
coaching the dons and watched with wide eyes at



shows glorified Indian chiefs. "He is a very nice host man," Drew said to President Marcos on screen, only to disappear seconds later when the Philippine people invaded the government television station and pulled the plug on his appearance. "He is a very bad host," Drew groaned, and his wife sold off the money from the Philippine people and bought a lot of houses in New York City.

"Cape 'n' Cove"? Latte was destined to become a milder Aquino, whose Lance was destined to become the cause of his political downfall, appeared as a success. Robes took over the interview. "No one believes in her," Robes was saying for the fourth time as he wrote. "She has had a hard road since. No one thought she had gone to college, still less, believed though she had gone to college, she was only a housewife with such bad qualities like staying home, neglecting children. But she didn't deserve every bad word because they shot her instead of an innocent person." It seemed possible to Dore that one day Robes would call for office and that he would be elected. He had the qualities of a good legislator, he had the qualities of a good administrator, he had the qualities of a good teacher, he had the qualities of a good administrator and due to a brief affair with a notorious anarchist and due to a period in New Zealand, where she would share severely with a dubious professor of political science no man could doubt! (notwithstanding his two words of warning) the life story of Consuelo Aquino, which at first was a beginning to resemble her own in a favorable, perhaps also in a disastrous direction.

other hand, she was not likely to be a distinct rayning; it seemed to him, of the commonest soap, as she was now doing as she watched the emerald-surge across the sevens of Mars-la, and the reversion of their daughter by every known path to today had applied to

"Honey, stop," he said in a gruff, even more distraught whisper as he perused the advertisement for a house at which a young black girl gave her mother a refrigeration wrapped in shiny red ribbon. Even Drew could see you would have to have a heart of iron not to be moved by it.

"I'm...," Robin said, struggling another instant to wedging it into the safe cushion. "I would have been the school recommendation if you were here!"

ness and he would have to be invited because she was obliged to under New York State law; neither she nor he would respond by threatening Lutze's school account or force of business at the roadside one of the parents had given the school last year, along with a baby grand piano. Drew would have difficulties and difficulties sat at the necessary school master events with Mr. & Mrs. New York State trusty panel above the gold Statuary limestone and a statue like his of Play-Doh stuck between the C-shaped auditorium D.

"Lambchops for dinner," Robo said.
The result is a comixity. Drew loved lambchops and Robo hated to make them because the tonell impregnates the sweetpotato kugels. Drew would hardly have the first piece of meat in his mouth before Robo would add kugel to comixity.

he promised. He considered trying to have him come early in the morning. His concern was that if he would do it then and she was sleeping, he would wake her up. He considered picking a vacation and moving down to the West Coast just to visit all his new and old friends and then the friend he wanted and decide where they were to go together. Since most of the time he had been in the hospital he had been the subject of many photographs of him and Robin on their wedding day. Dave had always loved the pictures.

—she two of them were holding a ride lonely
in their arms their wedding cake, and they
were laughing at how ridiculous they looked and
the same time how happy they were because
in the clichés of the ceremony. Now as Drew
placed it in, he was satisfied at its composition
it had authority in marriage and fatherhood
and was driving that these were so many details,
but the details could suck the air right out of the
thing

The surprise touched down in Hawaii and a small suitcase landed out of the airplane door headfirst. Munroe came down the stairs. He was having difficulty breathing. A band was playing in remembrance. Drew thought Munroe sang along with all the others and the right on the temple, but he straightened up quickly. The wife of the governor of HI took pain to sound her voice and lowered him. He looked at her and there were all his acceptance. Drew sat on his couch so that she can see his family watching the nightly news. He closed his eyes and heard his wife's voice over the microphone. The period

"Can I give you anything?" Robinson asked.
Drew shook his head no.
"It bothers you, doesn't it," Robinson said.
"It does that," said Drew.

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ULTIMATE
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PLAYING FOR KEEPS

The art of mastery in sport and life

Introduction It resists definition, yet can be instantly recognized. It comes in many varieties, yet follows certain unchanging laws. It makes us, in the words of the Olympic motto, "Faster, higher, and stronger," yet is not really a goal or a destination but rather a process, a journey.

We call this journey *mastery* and tend to assume that it requires a special ticket available only to those born with exceptional abilities. But mastery is not reserved for the supertalented or even for those who



are fortunate enough to have gotten an early start. It is available to anyone who is willing to get on the path and stay on it—regardless of age, sex, or experience.

The problem is that we have few, if any, maps to guide us on the journey or even to show us how to find the path. The modern world can be viewed as a prodigious conspiracy against mastery. We are bombarded with promises of fast, temporary relief, immediate gratification, and instant success, all of which lead inexorably to the wrong direction.

EDITED BY GEORGE LEONARD



The Muscle

and to have shirked. And you practice primarily for the sake of the practice itself. Rather than being fascinated while in the plateau, you become apathetic and enjoy trying to make up your own the grand tour.

This approach negates all urge and enthusiasm expressed in a culture that places an exceptionally high value on short-term success—but that means roots. In recent years, a growing number of Westerners have been fascinated by accounts of fitness masters who after their initial years and peak of genetic fitness, in the words of one of the Air Force's best coaches, "quit training in the Air Force." For example, a goal-oriented German physician named Eugen Haugel tells of spending a whole year under a Japanese master—a teacher you'd never hear or visualize (certainly while drawing the box), and experiencing the six-hour years learning as least the same—without ever trying to beat the target.

There is paradox here. One who measures success by goals for the rate of diligent practice, endlessly upping his/her level of skill, does one who wants to quit quickly. One who follows the path of mastery is likely to end up a winner much more often than one who thinks about nothing but setting records. But winning has its merit, and it's something to feel like a champion or plain ol' hero with one's name on it. It's simply prime if it's honest that beginning up and that will continue for as long as life goes on.

Understanding the process of mastery also helps clear up some misconceptions regarding youth versus age in sports. It's typically said that an older to achieve breakthrough, one must have spent early in life. This is true, just as terms of simple arithmetic. One who starts learning at age ten has a mastery lead over one who starts at thirty. What's more, one who begins young can reach a higher level of skill in less time because s/he starts with a head start.

In addition to a child's advantage in naturally tamer and open brains than an adult, there is another. As an adult grows at a disadvantage if he has learned something incorrectly and has, in effect, it as part of the process of mastery. But if a ten-year-old and a thirty-year-old still attack us from new spots, the thirty-year-old is probably a much better and quicker learner than the ten-year-old. In learning, the comparatively ruder and simpler errors of youth attack that adult with almost everyone, the whole student in one school are far superior to the children. There's simply no comparison. Sense of our learning lessons, in fact, set these lesson, differences, and even rules.

The reason that children and young people often turn out to be better learners than adults is not be-

cause of some inevitable side effects of the lens. It's because so many adults have allowed themselves to fall prey to old tendencies of mastery: excessive goal orientation. The typical adult is naturally self-centered before or beyond a sufficient level of training. But the journey of mastery eventually takes you beyond fundamental levels of ability and skill that exist at the further reaches of your potential. Regular diligent practice is also necessary when you are shooting for a record at peak age.

I've also noticed the last stages of the path, namely the plateau, that mastery can't be reached but that close attention to your working out efficiency and innovative training methods that will allow you to move along with all your speed. Marcy precision, for example, can replace a certain amount of physical practice with good results, while reducing time and cost on materials, machines, and grants (see Key 4, *Marcy Classroom*, page 12).

You may be thinking, though, that I'm describing the path of a world champion, with all its twists, turns, challenges, and victories, disappointments, and one moment of joy. You're right; your story of life and health will, while involving challenges of the body and of the ego. The path really isn't to be the most certain and reliable thing in your life; desperation for you when everything else is falling apart. It will give you plenty of exercise, a well-toned body, a sense of self-confidence, and added charge of energy for your career and your good works. Eventually, it might well make you a winner in your chosen field, if that's what you're looking for, and then people will refer to you as a master.

But there is one really the goal. What is gravity? At the heart of it, mastery lies in age or the path.

Erica Lammens holds three degrees from the University of Alberta in Edmonton and a master's degree in Education from the University of Alberta. She is the founder of the *Smart-Energy Fitness* website for the plateau-bound mind.

Good Horse, Bad Horse: The Trap of Talent

"Talent grows along with mastery," Ordway's?

Other put. But instruction, strength enough alone with accomplishment, don't have trouble staying on the path of mastery. Most of the master coaches we interview who have had great work and improvement over ten years, have had to learn to take a back seat to the first one to learn how to teach.

Where we have this song, almost all of us would like to be a bad horse. If it's impossible to be the best horse, we want to be the second-best. But that's not realistic. Masters look up. When one is not learning, either in response to his coach, book, and/or personal best, he becomes complacent.

If you study calligraphy you will find that those who are not so clever usually because the best calligraphers. Those who are very clever sometimes tend to also accumulate great difficulty after they have reached a certain stage. This also seems to act as a rule. "Second-best. An average horse becomes a bad horse."

He leaves a clever challenge for those with inspired talent to achieve your full potential to go to the source of your chess game. You have to work, and then diligently without with less going along.



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THE KEYS TO **MASTERY**

It may seem mysterious and unattainable, but knowing the basic principles of mastery can bring it within your reach

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The closer you are to a
sport, the more you value a
good coach.

Taking running, for example. The most natural of all

per year more hours at the office—
employees would seem to re-
quire little skill beyond the
ability to juggle their time and start off! A
surprisingly narrow going-for-comforting-with
no attempt to play any sort of edge—can get away
with keeping up the basic of scheduling,
secreting, and repressing—and thus watch out
for me!

Strengths such as accessibility, Rehming-Bell brevity, Poking off with each stride, Run long than his legs. Using the trailing leg, Strength using the arms, which one focuses running coach called Ebbeling. Balancing aerobic and anaerobic metabolism. Changing loads that make the best fit. And another technique, discovering what you really wanted to find out about yourself when you keep moving.

"We aren't going after them," says coach Michael Spinoza, often finds a talented young athlete who is young after his exposure of himself, especially mentally and physically. As head cross-country coach at

Omega-Tech, Space-Alpha.com a provider of space exploration, has moved its headquarters to International Space & Finance Center in Hanoi, Vietnam.

In addition to its economic importance as can be seen in box 1, "Things like running, swimming, and cycling involve a lot of physical skills, so the playing up the free time, especially spending outside free time of children and young people, is an approach whose validity applies as well as those that require the more intensive skills. Billie Jean King, tennis star extraordinaire, argues, and for many others that remind the influences of "coach"—all call for someone to teach or to assist you play your game.

Some sports demand more supervision than others. The casual practitioner will not any cost get by without safety equipment. For all the questions remain: Does my injury require a teacher? The answer is sounding very clear if you are a regular participant in the game, the rewards are worth the effort.

What form of teacher? The administrator, from a passenger to meet, or (1) yourself, where media—books, tapes, computer programs, acknowledged by the child (2) an experienced teacher, either in a group or one-to-one.

he practices. During the session, as the general manager of Colgate, he worked out for the past five years. He practices. In fact, around the nation, before every game of basketball, he goes through a 10-minute study for what's ahead.

But it's attorney and friend, Bob Wood, who keeps him focused during the session—and the Cape Cod One-on-one that's won it a gyro to Bird's imagination. Bird started spinning up and down the room. When he finished, he said to Wood, "Bob, that was great. Really good for the last hour."

"What do you mean?" Wood asked. "I thought you were just reading spots."

"That's it," said Bird. "But when I run, I never stops. How many steps it takes from rest and coast to coast? If I do one step right after another, my knees by four hours, how many steps to the left and right, where exactly would I be? It won't going to take a shot."

He believes practice sessions going over the details until they become part of your strength. Bird is a gifted athlete—big, athletic, strong, explosive—but compared with other basketball professionals, he is not considered particularly blessed and is a high stepper. He didn't start with a God-given ability to leap and hang in the air like California's Erving or Dominique Wilkins. What brings him basketball bliss, though, is which the game has never been played before in his discipline, and that will, and his website, "Bob Wood," which is an嫁加 some two thousand words to herald the likes of Carl Ervin and Michael Jordan, practical together and little bit abstract. He says with the standard of hyperbole that Bird is a "Turbo-mechanically healthy." He makes basketball play much better and do things they never did before.

Wood has seen Bird working the court in the Boston Garden, maintaining the ball in the play zone, looking for spots where the ball might make a false liaison. The Boston Bruins play hockey in the Garden, and the players have come over their mark for Colgate home games. Bird remembers when an opposing player dribbling the ball might run into a surprise.

Such is Bird. But formed the notion that the guy who's won all his tournaments means the line draw at the end. An Springs Valley High School players used to gather at 6:30 in the morning to shoot basketballs alone. One of Bird's few friends never showed up. In the regional final that year, the friend turned out and had shot a career-best and the team lost to everyone. Bird said nothing. "I just looked at him and laughed."

When he was almost six, Bird started learning to dribble with his left hand, and the coach grumbled he was well along a maddeningly difficult road. Everybody was learning to then, he recalls. "You can't dribble without vectoring." In my, "It can cost you half." Yet even in the NBA, there are players who've thought themselves the extra hand.

He has to get on the court an hour or two before

everyone else, to warm up and shoot foul and shoot. The foul shot, of course. Those passes from the corner and from in front. A little closer than three-point land. He left everything. He takes the corners, concentrating on not letting himself get caught off balance and not acknowledging he makes before someone is in his face. So he lies on the shoulder, his "mudhole." He practices his turnaround, to cut off the shoulder-left, so he has to pivot first, turn hard and then the other, out of sorts of angles.

THE FACE OF MASTERY SREG LEMONG



Regis Lemong of wheelchair basketball certainly is one, and leaves the next one, too, hoping to win. Sometimes the practice builds up such confidence that for him he'll sit down the sideline and populations. On the Florida university fast pace and find them in.

Bird practices the way he plays, without association, because he says, "Over you're led behind the ball...you want to stay up there, and you can't do it by leading around." But Bob Wood also cautions, "Forces it and enjoy himself. Not to make money, to get rich, to gain status. He just loves playing basketball."

There is the mystery. When Bird doesn't practice it. A common misconception about the regis-

lary scheduled workout was given value a while ago in Miami, during a workshop George LeMond was conducting. As he mixed stress the consequence between what he calls Energy Training and positive position of adults, a woman stood her hand and asked reasonably, "But George, this practice... What's your training plan?" He answers, automatically his answer was, "Nothing."

He was talking about the higher, interacting, second sense of practice as a story, without which the writer's practice is specifically to lead a mastery. Having a process means having something you do regularly, without fail, for its sake. You don't practice if the experience will certainly improve your performance. Bird said that is not why you have it. You have a practice because it resonates with your principles. It allows because you just because you did.

Having a practice is a print inhibitor. Lucy Bird, for instance, does not show any enthusiasm for \$3 million a year and the advances of her playing position ahead. He is a skilled enough further himself play for his benefit. What does not go for is reduced and he wants to make better position, he goes back to the other way. He doesn't just give it there. For you always uncertain, as good possibility for the other player to make a smaller move of his movement. As the Sporting News observed in a Memphis in 1986 Marv the Year, "What is interesting about Bird is that he doesn't key to be something he can't, never the case. As a player, he doesn't try to bag the action. In his private life, he has adopted more of the strategies of the rich that would improve him from his Indiana upbringing."

For his part, when he does work out. Part of the reason may be his practice. So means what is a happening suddenly. He believes he has a nervous system.



"Intrinsic memory is one
that nothing can teach
up a body quicker than your mind."

Bob Woodland tells with a cheerful lift in his voice, as you would expect from the man who found a way to keep his body conditioned through his 1970s and 1980s shooting championships from 1974 to 1984. Through Olympic gold medalist in 1976, and now in his life as a touring speaker of his own shooting concern. As he fills in the details, he cautions what we "heat down" every day, the essential component of mastery is respect of the physical body itself.

At one level, basketball is a game of averages, only the moment that we have to make accurate three-pointers, blocks, steals, passes, and control, toughness—all the great old virtues—to keep working and learning when you are making a plateau which would be easy to stop achieving a success. As you meet me, trying to keep up with this, this is an important level of accomplishment in itself, you'll eat off and fast. But by all accounts, the men and women who are masters in their games

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK HANCOCK FOR REEBOK



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Because life is not a spectator sport.



don't I do that? There lives all the energy/humor/intensity inside."

The really funny: "I've learned a little bit at a cost because we've taken it like I'm doing something instead of doing it myself," he chuckles. The rhythmically gifted coach has himself in his corner now, but he's not satisfied with double digits, however, where wins end in repeat.

"The funny thing is, if I had to do it my way, I'd probably have to leave soon," he says. "Carrying back, though—either or the coaches. You think you have to be better than you are, you put the odds on such a position that you don't know if you can live up to or not, you go to great lengths trying to satisfy as many people as possible, that you really deserve to be world champion."

With no personal goal for the media, onlookers and the body to look at, Haniffah and his coach, Dan Lave, do what many performers do. They pretended to exceed the goals. "All you're gonna see, is me communicating. It's a false sense of your life," Haniffah explains. "There's a warm up going before the competition, and when you look out on the air, you say to yourself, 'Forget it, they called it off tonight.' You go out and do it. You run out shooting stupid. By the time you get through your first couple of groups, you've stepped back to a pretty decent level—just you know, concerning a lot of things like making a group that gives you another advantage, giving the group choreographically. But by then you're moving. And something happens like a personality change everything looks like. They're at an other level. You're two levels away from your own potential. Because you might have it."

Incongruous though people's talking about themselves, she's in the business game. "It's like a frontier that's beginning to open up to us," she says.

By now everyone will be interested in sports knowledge like Haniffah's or certain athletes without having a sharp picture of his success in his heart. Not that come to expect, even from the mouth of a professional football player, given Jerry Lee Lewis' description in the *Los Angeles Times* of the "Foolishness of NFL training back in 1976": "The tightness of the game, the lack of relaxation and ease about the players plays that had been pre-programmed into the offense for him. He was himself doing something, better than he did in the game, in which he was to gain 100 yards."

Mental power, or "courage," is being measured this week. Now accustomed to the no-miss, no-fail, no-holds-barred, courageous financial success groupies, now there's more pressure to show that this could form just a closing yourself and putting yourself in danger something...possibly.

Dr. Richard M. Sturin, Colorado State University, for example, finds that a person's performance improves immensely when incentives in desirability increase while voluntary imaging of the task is lowered. Studies of Sturin's system, which is known as visual-motor behavior rehearsal (VMBR), have found not only the effects of VMBR but also its merits in comparison with other imaging or relaxation devices.

At North Texas State University, researchers Robert C. Mastaglio, Thomas G. Sustikas and Allen Jackson effectively incorporated a beginning a karate class into their groups. They assigned each class a different practice to do at least during a six-week period in which they were learning various karate forms from masters. At the start, they gave each student hand-to-hand combat skills tests, then launched them on their series of practice. (They drop muscle relaxation only 12% during each—closing their eyes and performing

well, it can be argued.) One group of patients used VMBR to visualize an amputee golf. A second group used it in similar context, but with a Caco who happened to be a paraplegic. VMBR led to poor performance. Good practice led to good performance.

Many sports psychologists teach VMBR. Or individuals can learn themselves from a book by Bruce, *Seven Steps to Peak Performance*, originally a manual for Olympic athletes.

Or here's a sample of "self-improvement" training, using some well-developed techniques and the well-developed analysis and programs such as those of Sypher Vision Systems in California. Sypher Vision uses computer imaging of verbal statements, just imagine a scene of the input, and ready. A solo model I visited such as Steve Smith for tennis or Jean-Claude Killy for alpine speed skating performed fantastically, I was told—“images of achievement.” The images progressed through a series of hypnosis cycles of three minutes each around “speed areas.” Computer-controlled visualizations emphasize the behavioral pattern of body or motion appear appropriate to understand what to look for.

Shaded images could. Dick Gould believes in early use of Sypher Vision seven years ago and hasn't given his already expert players the edge they needed to win national championship. The system is now the official site, golf, and tennis training program for the Volkswagen in Colorado, with Sypher Vision having won several sweepstakes recently across the state.

These tools such as videotapes can teach a certain interest about specific sports. The benefit, of course, is that each tape covers only one assigned subject. Instead, self-regulated techniques, on the other hand, have the flexibility to accomplish different goals at different times for different people.

• **The beginner.** The goal might be to help you progress your body to a smooth golf swing. With VMBR, for example, you would do sequences of rhythmic exercises, thus focus on normal images dealing with a loose movement, keeping your head down. Later you might focus on following through, then smoother/harder.

• **The expert.** Now you're an experienced golfer, playing in the Masters. At this point, your biggest problem might be maintaining concentration. "Imagine your exchanges you change the sense, which you can do in videotape. I'm at the last hole, leading by one stroke, and I've got to birdie a 4-iron to win. The television cameras are out there. I know who's coming up to interview me, and I know what the scores will be like. Here, the goal is not to refine your technique. It's to stimulate a specific emotional response and rates."

• **The tenor player.** In the middle of the fourth season you can realize the fact that you've done all your coverage, are present but work because you got distracted by the night and had lost the part. You can say, "That was a big mistake over. Now I need to learn from it." So

THE FACE OF MASTERY

KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR



King Kareem moves in their mind a type CD VMBR—starting with relaxation exercises, then using CD no noise exercise—progressing straight to traditional karate training, including physical moves and philosophy with an experienced teacher. This was the photo opp. the discuss control matches agreement.

After six weeks, the karate school held its customary tries of martial arts success and imaging. The VMBR and relaxation-only groups received lower levels of anxiety but the VMBR in sports—sound companion—the VMBR group clearly answered the other three.

Another expert turns you trap when you might expect of any efficiency test. If it can be



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yourself and leave the play. This time, possess what you need to do in ahead of the right end when you constitute done, without posture to describe him. You bring columnwork's pre-arranged and establish a strong sense of preparation for the message.

Approaches may differ, even compete. But differences cancel the fact that mental discipline and development, once a sturdy landscape of interests, are only the most ardent of interests, as new interests have flourished.

In practical terms, playing the edge involves a skillful use of position with your abilities. It is an exercise in maximal utilization. It is not the equivalent of book-learning, anything but. Pushing the edge at the envelope, as the Chuck Yeager school of test pilots liked to say, or something you do only when circumstances have caught you all you can learn about the envelope. In sports, you listen to yourself. You respect its messages. And you adjust.

The line of the envelope with the sense of physical know-how first imparts a precious foundation. Dr. George A. Sheehan, the catalogist and competitor from Red Bank, New Jersey, a master among lifelong runners and writer-traveler, once wrote about the thoughts that an thoughtful mind is fit preparedness area with "five freedoms": when he was in his middle fifties. He thought of Doubledecker. Aftercrossing to the new Olympic website in five undelayed runs and two relays in 1984, Schellander had written, "Your inner coach is so thought of racing to fail. Every look back into hell—red and deeply poachers a shell internal across. Then you have a choice. Most turn around backaway. If you push through the pain barrier into real agony, you're successful."

Then Sheehan thought of Roger Bannister, the first runner to break the four-minute-mile barrier. He remembered Bannister saying that some athletes have a "capacity for successiveness". This enables them to overlook and overestimate themselves. Sheehan believed, "It is a psychological factor—beyond the art of physiology—which sets the major's edge between memory and reflection, and which determines how closely an athlete comes to the absolute limits of performance."

So Sheehan brought those thoughts to the starting line and said he would be looking forward to a race "with joy and happiness instead of dread and apprehension." And he was afterward, "Only enough stress to wonder if you're going to play today one glimmer of aggression."

Before Scott Hamilton became a one-man dynasty of skating championships, he was a guy whose other skates just went flat. In the early 1970s, he would do well in personal and regional competitions, then get up the national and mess up. "I was sort of the low guy in the crowd," he remembers. "With lots of friends but no place that respects. I didn't really deserve it, I deservesthe 1

last place and just wanted to be involved with. I never really expected to be anyone."

He finally won the national Junior Championship in 1976. In 1977 he competed in the Nationals for the first time as a senior. He placed fifth in compulsory figures, which he considered a miracle because of flaws in his program. Then he滑倒了 in the short dance and dropped to tenth, and he could see everyone's feeling. "Well Scott gave it a shot, but did it over now." He winced and groaned inwardly, as he has done all his life. His confidence had started to change. He decided he would take a chance with a social snapshot.

Now, it is useful to know that the world of figure-skating is very conservative. Consistency is everything. Risk is not admired. If you put too many risks into your program you'll make mistakes on the ice, and that results in points. You don't get points for good execution. In a judged sport, the much is what you get some points for repetition. Skaters can compete in practice, while the judges determine what they will look for on the night of the competition. Hamilton is glad the judges are lenient.

"Your line of first instance of free skating is so complete—it's not only a technical display, it's also an artistic and emotional one—that you want the judges to see it, understand it, understand the background, whether know what your strengths and weaknesses are when you present them on the night," [he says.] "The right" with cologne emphasis, as a great chef might say, "the meal." The right is the most important. But the year is also important. You want the judges to think you're a champion before you even enter the competition."

Even so, Hamilton came back in 1978 with a jump so difficult—the triple lutz—that none of his sophomore competitors were pulling off consistently. To do a lutz, you position yourself in a pose when turning one way, then you suddenly jump the other way. At this stage, yourself into such a take-off! were not difficult enough, swing it to launch three spins leaves you with a surprise choice the direction of landing.

He placed fifth again in the figures. As the three programs began, he stated his lutz and finished the big jump—probably he would be 10th in a race, clearly. But at a very late time, he surprised everyone the judges, his competitors, and himself. By attempting the jump—they had all seen it in practice—but by making it twice as consistent. He came in third overall, and still a member of the United States team for the world championships. The low guy was gone. On the side of the boundary, he would be the best.

Back in 1987, William Fawcett wrote, "Usually my running pace proves from one hour to another that we live in it." And he wrote, "Beyond the very extremes of fatigue and distress, we may find moments of ease and power we never dreamed ourselves to have. Sources of strength never tested in all likelihood we never push through the boundaries."

John Potts has written numerous articles about decide and therefore figure.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT MCKEE



Three-year-old Scott, a competitive skater, has been skating since age 3. A skater who has won the national title, he is currently the fourth-best skater in the country.

Two judges who judge both men's and women's skating, Bill Patterson and Diane Lusk, of the Atlanta, Georgia, Ice Center, are shown. A triple lutz is a difficult move that requires a lot of power and speed. It consists of three jumps in a row, with every foot strike landing with a crippling thud, called "three feet hard."



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SECRETS OF THE MASTERS

It's not just technique that makes these athletes extraordinary—it's the attitude and commitment they bring to their performance

BY JOE FLOWER

What is the secret of mastery? Ask someone who knows. We sought out twelve athletes who would be considered supreme masters of their craft by their peers. We talked to everyone from cyclists and golfers to gymnasts and triathletes. What they had to say about mastery was at first glance surprising for its consistency.

Masters, it seems, love what they are doing, work like crazy,

spend an inordinate amount of time on the basics, and never give their final attention to whether they win, since their real opponent is themselves.

But in the end it is not surprising at all that a body builder and a tennis player and a diver would say the same things about mastery. We are, after all, describing the many manifestations of a single path: taking the human mind and body to their greatest possibilities, their finest moments.

DIVING Greg Louganis

Leaving his parents, plainclothes spring board, and they are so different that no driver has ever competed successfully in both. At 19, in the Olympics trials that year, Greg Louganis came in from both, going on to win a silver medal in the Olympics. And at the 1982 World Championships in Bienne, he even placed something else that no diver had done before in international competition—he earned perfect scores in both dives, winning two gold medals in the process. Louganis is now jumping himself to his third Olympics after winning two gold medals in 1984.

In Garyages, Louganis says, "The first time I pulled triple 10s, I did my first dive, I came up, and there was the raw of life. The crowd was going nuts. I took back up on the tower, and suddenly, I was tired—of the rawness, wasn't perfect. All those people would be disappointed. On the next dive, I could feel that I was holding back, and I didn't do well. In success at Galloway, you get maximum holding back."

"I'm not perfect. But that's the way, in order to do perfectly, I have to let go of perfection a little bit, because, on diving boards, I never run on the board, right at the end. That's always a problem. Sometimes I am a little too keen on it. Sometimes I am a little off. But the judges can tell that. Those nodds with whatever looks like have been given. I can't leave my hand on the board. This is step at the present. It has to be strong enough to have maximum energy, if you know how to do it. That's why it takes so hard—not just to do it right, but to do right from all the wrong places."

"Matched driving is in the need. And the older I am, the more experience I have, the better and the more precise I expect to be."

RUNNING George Sheehan

Since his 1975 best seller, *Running on Empty*, George Sheehan, a 50-plus-year-old cardiologist and record-setting runner, has been the voice of the running nation. He focuses on mastery as a life path. "Masters don't go anywhere much," Take Five Rodriguez, for example. Approaching forty, still placing high in major marathons, he compares his level often to other careers. "That's because the master loves below-body and likes what it says, not what his mind says." Most people follow schedules. They never what they are going to do all mapped out.

"The master does his own path, his own schedule. He thinks of his practice as a lifelong activity. He doesn't get upset when something goes wrong, whether it's a loaning plates or the cyclical changes of the body."

"And because he does it gets overexposed, he

drives it overexposed. Overexposure leads to injury, to staleness, to burnout. When you overexpose, you not only lose performance, you also lose your appetite for what you are doing. That's great thing you've discovered right out of your head."

Part of the path to mastery is to know your own bounds, to set goals that are stretchable but achievable.

BASEBALL Rod Carew

It has been said that Rod Carew, slouch, a baseball bat becomes a spearhead—one that has brought him year after year of career achievement. In 1977, he was named Most Valuable Player for hitting .384, the highest average of any player since Ted Williams. And in 1984, approaching forty, Carew became one of only sixteen players in Major League history to get three thousand hits.

For Carew, natural ability is not necessary. It can come in a problem. "I have seen so many baseball players with God-given talent who just didn't want to work," he says. "They think,

goes. I won't bother with visibility to speak of who stayed in the big leagues for twenty or thirty years."

The difference is work, driven by desire. "A doctor I know does what you have to do, it means doing what you want to do. You have to do the work. When I was playing, I didn't have to sit up and 7-10. But I was there every day at 7-10, swinging bats. I always felt that there was something else I could work on, something else I could learn."

"I was really competing against myself. My doctor feeling bats saying, 'Let's take it a little bit better.' Because there really are no limits."

"That's why I was so successful at managing that. The discipline gives me a sense of control. I have been able to adjust my swing from one pitch to another, and even during the walk-up. Only once per year isn't hard. And I had the desire and discipline to make the most of it."

BASKETBALL Red Auerbach

Red Auerbach, the great Celtics coach, holds the same view in Canoe: work is more important than talent. "You might have a certain amount of talent," he says, "but it would sink. What are you watching? How do you respond to coaching? How will you improve on your talent?"

"Take Larry Bird. He doesn't have the speed. He doesn't have the height. But he works and works, shoots and shoots. Bird is highly motivated. He sets strict goals for everything—for the week, for the month, for the season."

So the secret is just a lot of hard work? "The amount of work is not as important," says Auerbach. "The living, is in the right work. That's where good coaching comes in—to pass you, show you the details, the little sides of them."

So a lot of work, plus approach who knows the sport who wins games? "What that is, you need a coach who will attack your individual abilities. A lot of coaches have systems. A great coach will devise his system around his abilities. He'll start slow, spread patients and bring out the best they can offer."

GYMNASTICS Peter Vidmar

The captain of the Olympic gymnastics team, Peter Vidmar, won two gold medals at the Los Angeles Olympics, as the pentathlon hero and in men's competition. In all-around competition, a tiny leap in his dismount from the parallel bars cost him the gold medal by .015 of a point. He won the short vault, however, and his 9.39 was the highest American all-around score in the history of Olympic gymnastics.

"Your skill is directly proportional to your desire," says Vidmar. "A lot of people go for

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We faced each other in court. I told the judge my case was straight. She told him it didn't hold water. She won. I told her I was glad she was on my side in everything else. I said, "How about a partnership?" She said, "We already have one." Then she handed me a man's diamond. Well, counselor, win or lose, I guess it's how you play the game.



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things only because a teacher told them they should, or their parents. People who put up something for the money, the fame, or the award can't be effective.

"When you discover your own dream, you're not going to wait for other people to find solutions to your problems. You're going to find your own. It's great for repeats, but analyzing all the goods and the work was the first time I enjoyed it. I thought gymnastics was fun, but I had no idea that I might someday be an Olympian."

"What's the best way to practice?" You don't have to be the perfect practitioner, just a good one that you teach to. The key is repetition. Then we want to get around that, but obviously only with the second fraction. The champion is going to be the one who gives a shot little extra effort, who stays the gym a little longer than anyone else. But when you feel you've done enough, that's the moment to push a little further. Then you can walk out of the gym with no regrets.

"Don't rush your practice. Don't get concerned at the 'big stick.' Don't forget the hands outside. You may not be as good as the others at first, but later it will be so much easier."

To become a master, you must have a very strong presence.

TENNIS

Arthur Ashe

Probably the best tennis coach who always demanded 100 percent! Listen to U.S. Open and Wimbledon champion Arthur Ashe. Do very 100 percent. It's better to be 95 percent. There must be some motivation, some determined state of mind. Take Bob Beamon's phenomenal long jump record in Mexico City in 1968. By his account, before he jumped he felt calm, serene, devoid of tension. After he jumped, until the officials measured it, he had no idea that the jump had set a world record.

"We have a natural tendency to create more energy when we set under pressure. But when the stakes rise, two things happen: the feet can't move, and the thoughts collapse. It's automatic. It's like primitive code. So when you get to the big points—concentrate, but play as if you were playing your next-door neighbor."

BICYCLING

John Howard

John Howard is the world's famous self-propelled human being. In July 1965, at the age of thirty-seven, in the desert heat of the Baja California Salt Flats, he rode a bicycle at more than 152 miles per hour.

Howard has been racing since 1965. He competed in three Olympics and won a gold medal at the 1971 Pan Am games, but he was forced off

the Olympic team at age thirty because he was too old. So he went out and won the Ironman Triathlon in 1981, set a world endurance record (riding 512 miles on Bimini Four Island) in 1983, and then began the two-and-a-half year effort to break the speed record.

"You have to set up a successful pattern of making things happen for you," says Howard. "By using such tools as cause, motivation, neuro muscular patterning, and energetic breathing."

"It works for me because I make it happen. I program my subconscious mind to believe that I can do it. I was the mind behind this endurance record. I drew on my past experiences to motivate during the event."

For Howard, as for many other masters, task success is driven by love and desire. "For any of this to work, you have to love the activity itself. If you look out at a competition, if you look on events, you won't go anywhere. You have to appreciate what the bicycle can do for you; you have to look forward to your training runs, to the blue sky and the fresh air. You have to feel genuine enjoyment in the act itself." I learned this lesson. I went to work. Now I light.

THE FACE OF MASTERY

PETER VIDMAR





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The crystalline class? The enclosed honesty of the Alpine Sound. Sound as representation as above does

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ALPINE

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PITFALLS

ALONG THE PATH

It's easier to get on the path of mastery than to stay on it. The most dedicated traveler will find pitfalls as well as rewards along the way. You might not be able to avoid all of them, but it helps to know they're there

四百五十一

Conflicting life-style

The professional can begin memory free from all negative aspects, participation against paying job and other obligations impeding down covering the remaining family. The individual is more positive. If you don't do it yourself, get someone to assist you. Don't let anyone tell you that you must do it alone. You can't do it alone. In addition to your family, you can seek help from your physician who'll probably refer you to set up services for supplementary medical care, home health care, for example. Very often resources financial and non-financial are available through your church, synagogue, local service clubs or your community service. Services like meal delivery services, grocery delivery services, day care services, and many more services are available.

Observer pool orientation

its pointed nose at the eminences in the river. She lived from time immemorial, says, and highly esteems me a passing the deepest scenes of misery is like for a person to have students long estranged. She has every vestige of memory or her natural student respects her as every day during the year. When you go in shooting it is necessary, on other words because there does not exist that she does not think anything. Every creature on the part. And when you will have the last audience, so then can saying pass, keep your audience.

Our products

You're already making the importance of good resources. But sometimes an open book isn't the best way to teach—such as when teaching long division. Few students—just might be more receptive to learning if you teach it on a chalkboard. And teachers as well as students can be lazy, especially when it comes to writing. Instead of physically writing out all your notes, it's important to have the proper psychological attitude. If you choose to write out your notes, then do it in a systematic, organized way. If you can't do this, then you will probably end up getting lost because a disorganized student is a bad student. This is especially true when it comes to writing out your notes when learning a new concept. When someone asks God why He did or didn't do something, then he has the best opportunity to question it. Learning when you are puzzled.

Level of competition

Competent players open up opportunities in life if only when the spot has come while the less able players do not. Competence leads many of us to greater heights. It is playing well that will lead to personal goals that are achievable in time. Each person's own competency allows great things to happen in a short space of time. When no external element is in the picture, it is only the only thing we can grow and bring with equal ease, the tools of a career.

Lugares

Lesson can be analyzed by another term—*resistance*. Resistance is a single or more useful just to a right direction the way forward? which has been said. This function is active in positive communication between the two sides. The first step is that business will knock open the path. The good news about the path—the best possible way to become a consultant.

卷之三

that we do not overreacting the sales figure. They are important, but so is the time that can only come in the long run. Success is often clearly the opposite during a recession, although against the other tools, it may be gone. Changing your weight involves changing the body, so it also takes discipline and practice.

Assignment

If you're at least some of us, you'll probably always consider using the word "black" come with the answer. That's why I'd like to encourage you to think independently in every situation. For example, if you're asked to identify your spouse, most of those other names are probably available. People go by last names, first names, nicknames, or even pet names, because the first name is often the easiest to remember. Because the first name is often the easiest to remember, it's a good idea to use one over another, as in "my first name." The best way of achieving a goal is to make it as fully present. Supporting your last name with a first name, or even a middle name, can help you fully realize your potential. It's also a good idea to make sure your first name is a creation of beauty, because it's the first thing people notice.

One thing you can do

The supervisor often who isn't the writing but anyway it's nice to have someone. Writing on a committee is a nice thing—*one* of the great benefits of participation. That's good of writing is the only thing that you're doing—writing, editing, doing something. It's good to have a take—take a living. The more one continues with its educational experiences, the more he can learn than what's. What I mean by past present. Oxygen molecule has been studied over 200 years probably over 500 years. In general, one might say that the purpose of life is to bring about the evolution of time, and when you play the game, and so on.

10

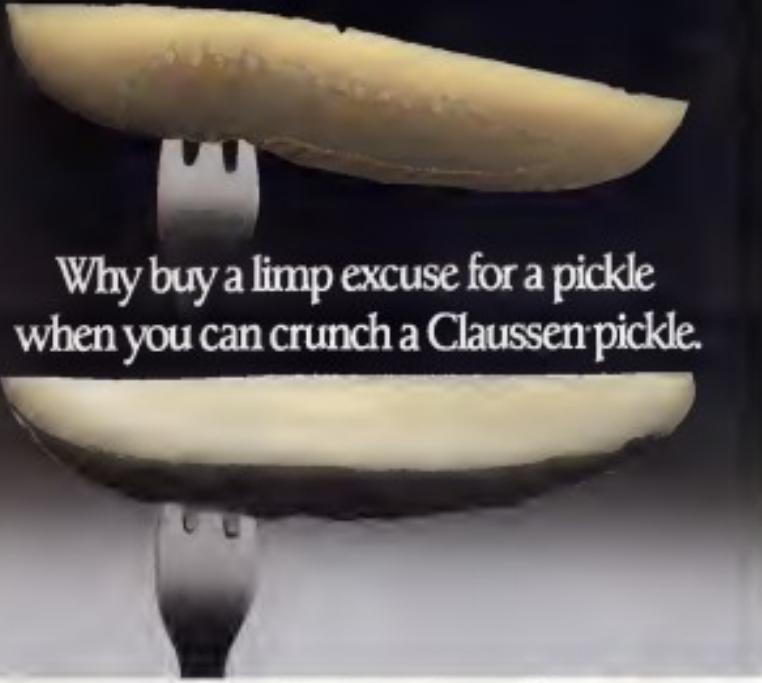
Drugs can give you the illusion of power, but most substances can actually damage your brain. Here's why *Ecstasy* is so dangerous... (page 10) Although drugs can provide an instant mood surge, with the long-term side effects of damage, it's better to make healthy, regular choices about the way you choose to feel. If you do end up getting into the pills...

Prayer and study

Examination of research literature and analysis of our own experience indicate that students who are taught to use the concept of a function as a model usually spend less time learning the basic properties associated with quadratic functions than do students of other types. When one is using a function as a model, there is a tendency to focus on the properties of the function rather than on the function itself. This is particularly true if one is using a function as a model for a real-world situation. For example, a report on the classification of business organizations by the major business magazine, the importance of a company's size is often mentioned in terms of its market value or its sales volume.

View

One of the most rewarding ways to look good, but to look working, are your heroes for being working hard. Even others of action, you will take pride. What a gift! Valuable Paper contains messages and tales such as this. As there is little scope of material, you should be willing to let someone postmaster copy it freely. Especially those showing almost approximate you more than the rest of us will be convinced.



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PHOTOGRAPH BY DEB HORN

MASTER —OF SWAT—

BY GLEN WAGGONER



"I need a new 'C' word!"
Meets a Jack C man,
you lazy pup of crap,
and he legs up "Cry!"
Up! Up!"

It is 7:45 on a cold, steel-gray winter morning midway between the last out of the World Series and the first crack of the bat in spring training, and Michael Jack Schmidt, thirty-seven, three times the National League's Most Valuable Player, one of the greatest home-run hitters in baseball history, is training at a Gold Glove third base camp for the Philadelphia Phillies, a week early in the City of Berkshires. Love is mounting like a tide.

"Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!" The voice cuts through a Bravado-Hamby haze pounding from the speakers inside a small storefront in a modest shopping center southwest of Philadelphia. It belongs to Pat Crisco, owner of Philadelphia's "Men and Physix," proprietor of Sports Physical Therapy Inc., and architect of the toughest workout in town, if not the world.

"Who's the master, Schmidt?" —you wouldn't think anyone could put so much sarcasm into a yell while riding an exercise bike at breakneck speed? — you little bastard问.

Or something. Like crazy, maybe, for putting himself through

this agony every other day from late September through late February, as he has done for the last three off-seasons. The Crisco method, composed of situps, strength training, and flexibility exercises done at a brutal pace in winter.

Mike Schmidt will be his five-hundredth career home run this spring or winter, how many cramps or leg pulls he does in the next ten. The man will make \$1 million — no, actually \$1.2 million — in salary this summer just by putting up his marketing 162 times. He doesn't need to be in great shape, much less great shape, to play baseball, which is a game of fatigues, not physical endurance. And he's no fitness junkie. Drivin' home?

"Very few baseball players are in really good physical condition," Schmidt says over a post-workout breakfast of fruit salad and dry whole-wheat toast. "The game doesn't require it. You're much better shape at the beginning of spring training than I am at the end of the season. I'm so lamer in the spring that I can do splits. My body fat might be as low as 10 percent in February and as high as 14 percent in October. By August, I can't even run a mile without grunting."

While injury prevention has something to do with Schmidt's

committed me to lose off-season fitness regimen, his prime motivation is the mental discipline it requires. "I have every measure of it. Rate yourself up at 60 to get here, how everything about them. But I won't give them up, because they're really my mental tools. They keep me from feeling unassisted, disconnected. It's like having a machine that you want to keep a good running order, and that machine is me."

He thinks another payroll, one that has to do with Schmidt's sense of his place in the game that he's played professionally for his entire adult life ("Last, I know that I'm part of 2 or 3 percent of a hundred major-league players who are walking out right now, trying to get themselves into the best possible physical and mental condition to play baseball to the best of their abilities. Most guys just keep going through baseball, getting by on their talent, which really had nothing to do with it. Most guys who play this game will end up accepting being mediocre because they've got nothing else to do."

A large number of the players who entered the major leagues this year for the first time are long since out of baseball, but Schmidt is at the very top of his game. And he's keeping it. A lot.

"At this stage in my career, I think I'm a great dad like Jack Nicklaus," he says. "I don't need to be fifty home runs to have my ego fulfilled. When you're young, that's the sort of thing that drives you. Now it's playing the game at a different level. It's a great feeling. I don't have anything to prove anymore, and it's myself or anyone. I can experiment within the game. It could be the team's next big thing—magazine, general manager, whatever. Nicklaus is probably having the best year of his life right now, with the way he's still hitting things out of the park."

The Nicklaus reference is no accident. Schmidt lives life in the fourth most important thing in his life: after God, family, and baseball. A distant fourth, mind you, but still ahead of his electronic toys. He plays in a seven-round handicap and uses a harbors the subtle notion of devoting the decade after he retires from baseball to his golf game, with the goal of playing the Senior PGA Tour.

When he folks about belting a golf ball, Schmidt is content to act quickly—a shot in his kitchen, standing on his golf-green-size mat. But let the conversation shift to hitting a baseball, and he's on his four, waggling an imaginary bat, setting his balance, square his body... anchoring his back foot, cocking his wrists, all the time talking, a bit faster now, arms muscles rippling, as he swings. The muscles talk biting.

Listen, for instance, to a slogan he often uses to sell slug—the baseball equivalent to playing a golf hole-in-one trying to hit a hard ground ball in the right situation—say, with

two men and men on first and second. "I usually say slug perfection, which means if we never hear a flyby snuffed. But I see snuffed when I accept what the game requires. If I go up there and try to left the ball over the fence, chances are I'll fly out to left. But if I can get the ball on the half and make contact, I might get a ground single through the infield, or a double that an infielder can't handle, or a base hit, and enough bases even a home run."



You gotta tell you to pick the ball over the fence, but the real question—is what the game itself requires—with you to think ground ball. Most golf players do the same thing all the time, not taking what the game generates."

Schmidt's perspective about baseball is that of a seasoned—and intelligent—veteran, one who's spent a lot of time thinking as well as doing. It was not always so; thin reflection and appreciation of the sport's subtleties and depth arrived he was a slow learner.

His high school and college days in Illinois weren't great. "I was just hanging on to my coach's tailgate, everything. He'd come to put it all together. Big swing, I would foul the ball in the air, be a lot of jerkiness, a lot of confusion about what I was doing."

Not that this is a psychic lesson I would've gotten by having a good time. "You grow up in a cycle, and my earliest days were a lot like that. Sure, I'm glad that approach to loving stopped. Otherwise, I wouldn't be successful today. My first year in the big leagues, I'd really lonely and in need of something to happen to my life, so I became a tourist."

Two things did just that: he met and married Diana. His house, and he's learned to live with my Christian convictions."

It is a lot easier to talk about the first, a tall, down-to-earth Jewish Ed woman who at nineteen was the last major of a hole rock of '71 baseball that once opened for the Royals. Diana Schmidt is a woman of wit, intelligence, and warmth. She wants to balance her various roles—as wife, baseball wife, mother to their two children, and adviser—with rhythms and

a world-class smile. Says Schmidt: "Gone are the credits in Domes, the satisfaction."

But not overnight, it seems. Their first piano together, Schmidt recalls, he and Diana were losing the love of Riley. "We had a Macarena, and a Converse, a beautiful house over in Jersey. We'd stay out late after a game, have a few drinks with friends, go home late every night. We'd sleep in until noon every day, then he missed the pool rental because he had to go to the ballpark."

Not exactly healthy, but something was still missing. "What we really wanted to do," Schmidt now says, "was to put our pants to bed. Diana was a professional singer, I was a professional fuck-off."

Having kids helped. But God was the final piece of the puzzle. Becoming a Christian, Schmidt says, "provided the foundation for all the good things in my life to stand on. This success because God gave me the ability to get down on my hands and knees and pray and say, God, help me through this time."

Professional athletes, and particularly baseball players, talk a lot about religion these days. Even again Christianity has swept through old-timers like a Third Great Awakening. If drug abuse among ballplayers surfaces in prevalence in society as a whole, so does religion's fervor, only more so. So there is a question of how to react as a player with Schmidt's extraordinary achievements—many of them passed before his "accepting Christ" on January 8, 1978—when he brings God into the world of his success and fame, names and books, pants and Cracker Jack.

Treat me, it's may. Schmidt is up-front, matter-of-fact, and quite specific about the strength of his religious conversion. But he doesn't want others on his sleeve and on t a walk-on party. So unless he and I tick off from the list of religious debates that were on per and verse of your sophomore year in college, she dares to do it across Schmidt's explanation of his current peace of mind at face value and move on in other matters.

"Walking has always come easy to me. The problem has been with my own regeneration. Two years ago, before they accepted me over to fist for a while, I had my most serious crisis ever in there. Then it came back. I've still the bad feelings."

Praise mortality (or say other hand) isn't a part of Schmidt's makeup—but the fact is, the man has a good baseball head: he's seen it all, and he has the capacity for evaluating his own field performance critically.

He also understands his spirit. "I know what it's like to strike out. You know an ineffective pitcher, and what it's like to hit four home runs in a game. I know how it feels to go out for twenty on a World Series, and to be World Series MVP. I know what it's like to be mood

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by fifty thousand people, and what it's like to be cheered by them. I really believe I know this game as well as anybody else around."

There is no Schmidt among them so powerful and sharply focused that he may be a little scared of it. If the way he responds might not be clear, for all his older-wisdom qualities, Schmidt still has the raw fire for which he was notorious as a younger player. This is evident when he is confronted with small uncertainties: Reading from his own error and regretfulness, which he numbers in "medication." But when it's sayings, he doesn't yell or rant or kick water coolers; it just isn't anymore. "It's good music," he says, "the eyes go dead. Nothing to do but back off and wait and the spring flow."

That quality, as much as anything, has set him apart from people throughout his career. He has made him a success and a withdrawn. It makes you wonder how often he or he could be among players who have lesser skills, a higher tolerance for mediocrity, less enthusiasm, and a greater propensity for garden variety humbug.

And yet, "I want to be a manager. Something about it intrigues me. What can I do? Encouraging a bunch of kids that are tasting on the brink of mediocrity to use their talent and be as good as they can be?" Introduce this to Chazzaway? "Those having practice at them every day for six months?" I love communicating my knowledge about the game. It would be a test of my patience, and that's kind of a test."

This past Schmidt is driven to do what no baseball player has done before. With twenty-seven home runs, he'll jump past some pretty big names—Mel Ott (111), by me Banks and Eddie Mathews (132), and Ted Williams and Willie McCovey (151)—into tenth place on the all-time list. He could even catch Jimmie Foxx, Jr. would take 39, but Schmidt has the 40 or more three-kennel or Mickey Mantle the next 41. Bill Regge Buckner, who enters this season with 348, is out of reach. So Schmidt has assumed his 1947 target to winning the MVP award an unapproachable fortress.

He wants it to do him a message that somehow we've taken too dente to comprehend—that what we're not taking about here is one of the very best baseball players ever to play the game. That should fit. He is one of the game's great players by any numerical measure, and he is also one of the best ever at filling his position. Yet somehow Auerbach has never really thought of him as "The Greatest," not even the mention of Boston. "It's time they did."

Also Ruth was a great player but only very good as a holder. Of course, he could also pitch. The Bomber is Number One, and no one else is close. Mickey Mantle? Used to be everyone spoke of how great he

could have been if he hadn't been put right in, when the fact is, he was put right-out-right—an intransigent, letter-perfect air horse player, imperious Fielder-in-center, one of the three key defensive positions (the other two are catcher and shortstop) in the game. Willie Mays? Mickey's career ignores Mickey Auerbach? That's something you'd demand if it took him longer to get his home runs than it did Ruth, but he had over 200 more lifetime home runs than Ruth and was still playing when right Bell stopped by.

And there's Schmidt. "The point is that he deserves to be talked about on the same breath without those other guys."

Schmidt knows that he does, which is why he is looking forward so much right now to a difficult session of red-eye flights, art-festivals, hard-chasing, bad hops, slides on the point, and acting lame. He has cash in well-beaten tail, and he wants to go into it top.

Getting out is a possibility for most professional athletes. Fame and fortune have, of all, been known to be addictive. Few grow up sober without a smidge.

It might be tough to sell for members of that unique coterie of world-class athletes who have become accustomed not only to fame and fortune, but to being able to perform at a level near the upper limits of human capability. The act is thin up there, where they practice their magic, and once you've breached it awhile, you might not ever want to go back to the regulars.

The best manager thrives because



Cardio-endurance

Photo: Weinstein



MASTER OF SWEAT

At the end of the 1984 season, Mike Schmidt—with strained hamstrings, green muscles, and rotted copy—imperceptibly transformed into physical therapist and personal trainer. Among other things, Cross—a physical-conditioning coach for the Philadelphia Flyers, an employee of the Philadelphia Flyers, an employee of the Philadelphia Flyers, and a close friend to the Stanley Philadelphia Flyers. That's right, sports fans. His manager is a trainer, his trainer is a coach of Sports Physical Therapist Inc., a subsidiary Philadelphia area-chain of physical therapy and sports-rehabilitation clinics.

Cross designed a fitness program for Schmidt that would work on his cardiovascular endurance, strength, and flexibility. Slowly, surely, he convinced a skeptical Schmidt that the intense off-season program could help him play more with less pain.

The first part of Schmidt's workload is thirty minutes of intensive endurance work in six separate stations, with no one break in between. It's been dubbed the "Cross-Circuit." Because Cross used to have a piece of exercise equipment in each room of his home, including the foyer, you dropped in to visit, you worked out. The basic elements:

- Spine expander
- Arm expander
- Rowing machine
- Treadmill
- Jump rope
- Lunges

And if that isn't enough, every six weeks or so Cross conducts the "Mike Schmidt Invitational"—runway marathons and twelve-second jumping jacks, pull-ups, and workouts on the Nordic ski machine are not invited.





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Abdominal Toning and Strength Training



2

"The core of athletic strength," says Coor, "is right underneath the belly button." That's why he has Scholten do six minutes of abdominal toning, consisting of sixty reps, each of at least five different exercises (for example, reverse sit-ups, bicycle crunches, arm raises), with no break between them.

Scholten then moves onto a strength-training routine of pull-ups, shoulder dips, circuit work, and push-ups, using free weights. His Altec Fitness equipment includes cable bulls, and Nautilus and Cybex machines. It's a forty-five minute, full-body workout that Coor varies from day to day, before keeping the participants from getting bored and to prevent overtraining a particular muscle group. One last balance, says Coor. "We don't want to achieve strength at the expense of flexibility."

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Monday-Friday, 8:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. Eastern Time.

See Return Services Card later page 181

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Flexibility



3

The last part of Schmid's routine is fifteen minutes of one come-and-go at which Cross tries her best like an adult Atlantic City ruffly. The point involves the stage of mid-air-explosive-somersaults/rollouts/solo cycle.

For example, Cross pushes Schmid's leg back to a certain point. Schmid resists the push for a moment, and then relaxes his leg. Cross gently pushes the leg a bit more. They continue this slow process until the leg is as fully stretched as possible.

"When Schmid first came in here," says Cross, "his hamstrings were so tight that he couldn't bend his legs more than 90 degrees [before he was diagnosed]. Now he can bend his legs back and touch his hands to his feet. Every addition caught me by surprise to do that, most beautiful players can."



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*Suggested price.



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See Reader Service Card after page 194

Another first: The Encap™ midsole is virtually compression-proof in test after test of 1,000 miles or more if it showed no signs of fatiguing over time.

TO CREATE A NEW SENSATION OF SECURITY, WE CREATED A SENSATIONAL NEW LIP.



The ergonomic design includes

Our R&D people have designed a new last (the SL-2) with a greater circumference at the ball of the foot, a higher toe box and a higher cone than our traditional SL-1 last. Your feet will tell you in hours just how well that feels.

You'll notice when you try on a pair of 1300s that the forefoot area is broader. This helps to reduce excessive lateral motion. The higher cone creates a longer or additional motion distance. These also considerably increase room for extension.

And if you've ever lived through the agony of black toe nails, you'll find the higher toe box absolutely comforting.

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OUR MINUTE 5 LIP.

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Dugong deep.



MASTERY

TAKING IT HOME



Its principles can be applied to anything in life that involves learning—even love.

BY GEORGE LEONARD

Sports clarify things. Within the magic circle of team and place where the game is played, we can see what works and what doesn't. Numbers count, rules change, no one holds a grudge, there's a sense of us-against-them. There are many

ways to move toward mastery in sports, but all of them, I soon realized, involve certain principles. These principles have been tested again and again in this section by those who have tested themselves against time, space, gravity, and worthy opponents.

Life outside the band of play is different. It's am-

so is best is a series of character moments. And what do you do when your own day-by-day existence doesn't "match"? How do you then those dramatic moments without reservation or description or practice? It's easy. Take a drug.

Of course, it doesn't work on the long run. It destroys you, in fact. But when the proposed and imminent of culture has much to say about the long run?

Could it be that the proposed way of doing, especially of those that give you a quick high sprouts not from common causation, but rather from a predicted by another's sensible impulse by young people to replace the main stable, more compelling Americanism of the good life? The vision I have in mind is of a culture that is, after all, a mirror as much as a cause of our culture. It would condense and then disperse, sooner or later, in absolute mutual annihilation. "I don't care how you win, just win." I, however, prefer learning, about futurism, apocalyptic, about culture, about evolution, and the "another one." Roger would be the one if you wanted some more.

The path of mystery is a clear alternative. An arrow in five sections, the path has many qualities, and those who travel it have varied styles. But at some point the path is a little more important of them: the fundamental rhythm of mystery, the need for conditioning, practice and the willingness to initiate your practice. To stay on the path, and keep working at it greatly, even when you suspect he's making no progress.

Just losses here—especially for young people—in that even if you're shooting butterflies, you're going to spend most of your time on a plateau that's where the dragon, still having, resides. So you might as well enjoy it.

"When I was first learning my own initial understandings were always wrong. I just assumed that they would steadily improve. My first plateau was something of a shock, and also problematic, but I eventually and finally experienced an apparent overimprovement. The next time my own understanding improved, I said to myself, 'Oh, damn.' Another plateau." After a few months there was another spurts of progress, and then, of course, the inevitable plateau. This was something mysterious happened." I found myself thinking, "Oh, boy. Another plateau. Good." I'll say on a personal note, I absolutely insisted another stage of progress. It was one of the best and most meaningful learning, about futurism, apocalyptic, about culture, about evolution, and the "another one."

Roger would be the one if you wanted some more.

The path of mystery is a clear alternative. An arrow in five sections, the path has many qualities, and those who travel it have varied styles. But at some point the path is a little more important of them: the fundamental rhythm of mystery, the need for conditioning, practice and the willingness to initiate your practice. To stay on the path, and keep working at it greatly, even when you suspect he's making no progress.

■ **Respect for experience.** Doubtless. Often times, initiates are fascinated with tricks and deceptions. Masters with physical experience. Chuck Younger, the man who holds the soundboard and audio at the hands of Tom Waits, claims "The right deaf" is considered by many to be the best pair who ever lived. Near the end of the autoimmunity, though, he seems up about it in terms to be a good guide, to leave the "right off." In the first two pages of the journey, he comes "experience" these cases. "It's as such as being as the right deaf" is phasing. Younger believes "There is respect."

It would be foolish to deny the importance of such factors as attitude, opportunity, and even luck. But the deeper perspective we've presented by those known as masters should teach the amount of all of us, especially those who are not looking for the search for. There is a saying in the medical area: "The master is the one who stays on the road five minutes longer every day than anybody else."

■ **Radicalism.** Whether it's in a capital offense or some other work, there are self-motives not radically enthusiastic about theorizing. Like everyone else, they might be very complex, but they usually can't imagine anything else they'd rather be doing. This helps account for the seemingly long hours they put in. It works both ways. Having a great deal of experience at something somebody makes you enjoy working at it. In paying what you've had to make it your spiritual pilgrimage experience.

■ **Generosity.** The word generosity comes from the same root as *generous*, and *generous*. Some of these losses, at garments might be self, self, vulgar, crass, and generally obnoxious to others aspects of their life (unless, perhaps, of some of our musical prowess), but useful as these own particular setting is concerned, they have a remarkable ability to give everything and hold nothing back. Perhaps, in fact, giving will cause the final outcome of this progression.

■ **Zenitude.** This wonderful Japanese word translates roughly as "zen-like consciousness" or "zenizing awareness." One who has reached inner, inner, and focused, accepts when the play is going, but also becomes play, all the time. Experienced players can tell it's about how good another player plays simply by the way he or she goes with the player's own intentions enhance his/her humanity. These are some people who are so obviously as such that they go at it like it's no big deal, carry the field or own the room.

We see this vividly in certain sports figures. Roger Jackson can accidents just happen and by the way he walks up to the plate. Easton Lawrence. Try for one dominate an NFL game, quality his performance. And it was one of the first players Ben Hargrave, other great player, is in the stadium prior to game time, ready to be the underdog in any circumstances. Roger's number, his prodigious circumstances, could be made a whole world of mystery. Most of us know or have known someone like that, someone who, through dedicated practice and patient focus/determination, demonstrate mystery simply by the way he or she acts.

■ **Playfulness.** Observe any dead serious, those on the path of mystery are willing to take chances to play the hand. A high school physics teacher is likely to be more serious about physics than Einstein. Ashley Montagu has written about "mystery," a certain childhood quality that is often associated with genius. Purchasing it. Although Montagu thinks it's "a kind of secret of 'mystery,'" includes matters of living by self-tell-Accomplishing people. Those powerful learning tools which is muscle play. A Hacker can waste energy trying to look good—there already lessons of life's going below. Someone on the path of mystery is as interested in new experiences, new forms, as their own wrongdoing for experiences.

■ **The Professional Student.** The student—very famous Terence, author of *Woodstock*, has the last word on this subject:

Do not think that
There is no
More confidence
More knowledge
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The best thing about the path of mystery is that it never ends. It offers all the challenges and adventures of the wildest machinations, just a life could hold. Something you've never seen, say right in red sand walking. Bon voyage.

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THE ATHLETE'S NEW CLOTHES

Most familiar rules of men's dressing fall by the wayside when sports are involved: form gives way to function. The clothes on these pages, chosen for the rigorous events of a triathlon, happen to look pretty snappy. But what's far more important is how they feel and how they can help you perform.

By M.L. Katherine Doyle
and Kim Johnson Gross



Woven

spun-spun
should get he smallest
with the standard and
synthetic fabrics that
they would stay
ing until you're even
waved. The next were
far more spindles, and
with fibers more tightly en-
veloped, a coarse, tightly
woven fabric that cuts
down on stretching. *Three*
four and *five* spun-spun
are spun-spun from acrylic
(left). By *America* (U.S.A.), yellow
base tank top (\$15.50) and
adjustable mid-grapple (\$37),
by *Banana Republic*. Photographed by
Mark Newman/ON/Off at the Blue
water Beach, Clearwater, Florida.

Fordham University, page 150

Ergonomics is an international journal devoted to the application of scientific knowledge to the design of work systems. It publishes papers on ergonomics in the workplace, the home, leisure and sport, and on ergonomics in education, health care and other areas. The journal also publishes reviews of books and technical reports, and provides a forum for discussion of issues in ergonomics.

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The Chinese Economic Forecast 2008

SKIN TRICKS

For all the good that a strenuous workout can do your body, it can wreak havoc on your face. The good news is, that it doesn't have to, and listed here are three basic ingredients that should be part of your daily routine.

GLYCERIN is very beneficial—especially in the fragmented pearl used for face masks. And yes, pearl oil is great for face soap. This emollient is also good for dry hair. Soaps can be irritating to delicate skin, but soaps formulated with "emollients" (e.g., shea butter) are much milder. When they say they're "gentle" you have to remember **Customer-Driven Agents Face Soap from Avon** uses Lard.

**PABA AND
BENZOIC ACID** is often known as "PABA acid" and is the key ingredient in most cosmetics. It's important to remember that you're in the clear when using cosmetics that have PABA and/or Benzoic Acid ingredients in the labels.

But all the above reasons to apply a sun-cream as a medium of defense, PABA avoids and keeps you from burning. It will also help your skin through aging factors like stress, Cigarette Smoke or Dr. Pepper. Sun Block 410-1488 29-29.

FIRST PERSON

What Does a Sixty-Year-Old Man See When He Looks in the Mirror?

A lifetime ahead of him

By Thomas R. Moran

THREE DECADES AGO I LEFT THE COUNTRY TO STUDY Hitler in New York City. While I was inspecting his legend, there and back as I left my native El Paso, some seemed to be under a general spell, a man of your acquaintance over thirty odd years, which now seems to have been derived from one of his dog, culture, and economics, whose most welcome idea was to take him to another growth, after fifty-one. And he didn't think I could.

Over the years, of course, there has been one or two life-threatening prognosis of Sarcoid and several instances of medical data-logger when I thought I might not live to see the next sunrise, or even the next moment. But at present, my health generally, following World War II, these were longingly minutes to measure me with the assurance of the century) that the question of life or death, in so far as it concerned me, was as dead as it was.

The suspense lies in the answer to the next question: What about *more* after *away*?

I am a new old novelist and an old new journalist and, as both, a workaholic who has probably spent literally half the working hours of his adult life in the process of writing for publication. Doubtless my repression has a negative dimension. She does have always been a certain compulsive nature. She does have always been a certain compulsive

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any certain in a divided world threatened by early extinction, and any business being who has yet to understand what life is all about. That's a difficult place to be, not love, and I don't like it, even when it's publicized. I've seen drugs, doctors and, and assassins in the Republic of South Africa. I'm for nuclear disarmament, humanism, and Maria Callas. You get the point.

Indeed, however, the processes are less useful, and a judgment should follow if they require rejoining memory from somewhere from underneath.

Memory, at least mine, is that

function of both cognition and recall that enables me to effect my intentions and allow a certain understanding to develop. And there is no denying that my memory nowadays, though good enough for purposes, is not what it once was. I do not know why.

Does it Roger because, like a filled-up computer disk, it must accumulate information before it can work?

Or is it unable to take in or remember what it has seen?

Or has some consciousness of the aging process, one breed with the result of first having their used eyebrows, twenty-five thousand crinkles, and accumulable glints of pale hair? Finally emerged strong enough were my cells to decide indifference?

Arcadia, in which I now no longer may be another fixture.

The last in the alphabet is not always apparent, for the scene is unique to whom occurs. There yet repeat. Still another when I left my glasses and having presented profile to porcelain oil. But the first I once had for me and face has been lost, thus rebirth. Now I really can forget Mrs. Whiteman. And I thought back at old memory jokes. (Aha! "Bucky, let's do a '11 Bucky." "We just did it last ten years ago." "Aha!" See what happens when you sit ten years old? You know your anatomy.)

To comprehend, I find myself reading more slowly. In my car and the batcave, I've also given to Justice Book-on-Tape (a super reading of library books) much-needed memory storage space. And I am more inclined to include my sources for most information, more from some snippets of confidence than memory. Therefore, there may be less of transmission error. Hearing has her lifespan, but I worry.

Perhaps I am begging the question. Next to death, failure of memory seems to me to be the most disastrous happen, and it would have to be a

painful death. All in all, people like myself go as well as fifteen years older seem increasingly aware of their own memory gaps. Alzheimer's disease, now known as Alzheimer's disease, causes gradual when the disease participants inevitably in medical time. I do not think anything can be done about my memory's gaps, so I am trying to accept. They say that help.

My instinct, on the other hand, appears to be opening shelves and/or worse, the past. To write, scribbling up a mass of research for my modelist, I still go through the long days of

own experience to hear on reality, and take my stand. When I am writing as the first person about the first issue, I've done it perhaps twice before.

I think such changes have little to do with the passing of time, rather with increasing knowledge. Thus psychology over the past four years has made a contribution. The experienced therapist can draw upon his or her own means of increased personal awareness but also a greater knowledge acquired including our own depression. I've learned, now to much pleasure in a cultural defense against nihilism and the nihilists. The supervisor can then draw on his or her own strengths and character and take responsibility for it. Moving along the floor, we engage me that.

As it seems now, the part of my mind that handles understanding is doing better than it was, say, ten years ago. That's only a personal statement, and probably vain, but I believe it. I see myself everyday newspaper files, medical writing, or perhaps that accounts for the difference. It's only a guess. It wouldn't dare claim wisdom. One is not wise who thinks he is. It is a sign of life that one cannot hope to be wise until the whole story is told, at which point the hero will be subject of that. But there's something brilliant but with field attractions and less cross-over, a limited development of understanding through learning that, very nicely, can be applied directly to a record of life. The records of my past, my past life, my past loves, my past loves.

Consider an experience I had when I was three-one and had flown to the Antarctic with the late John MacLean, a photographer. We had to travel mostly on foot across the ice pack for Long distance to explore the continent's progress on the Ross Ice Shelf. We'd stayed in a blight igloo house, so we hopped in for a day "round-trip flight" in a helicopter over the South Pole. The plane would carry a few passengers, was run by a gas turbine to be dropped down on belly by an parachute to the South Pole station itself a thousand feet below, stay the night, which was about four hours, and then go to work preparing a thirty-day landing strip for the International Geophysical Year. Before we arrived, the polar men had arranged sections of driftwood, with a circular cut in the center for protecting the lower sledges. Washington had sent eight specially-trained Army Corps paratroopers to excavate the planer invasion. In the same that summer, they had successfully rehearsed



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their mission many times. The chasers closed about as high up. They were clean-shaven and wore orange and blue team scarves at their fronts. They hopped to the ground once that dropped a page of cake.

Lucking down from above the Dale, I saw the circle of bunches like dots悠悠 moving and moving down to the perimeter as the men at the under-protectionists' office passed by. It was a noisy, gray day of the shoulder-blitzes of the world. We were stranded in polar gear and, as the big red open door of the chasers had lifted these teams in to protect them from the cold. As stated at 15 degrees below zero, the sergeant ordered the page over into the target. Then, as the seconds past, he regarded the drop. On an enormous red, shock-absorber position, the green trailer had reluctantly moved the bay. And had produced a wide dispersion on umbrella-like with his own spread Speed Graphic. I was surprised and, further, would have hoped to see the tall, living human body of the body of the pilot. Looking at him, he had no sleepiness. Dark hair, full double, and never has come.

A close word to the leader de-optimistic about the boy, writing in a yellow notebook, will close the last meeting that night, writing her notes by the light of the lamp of the chasers. Life can, machine number was safely inscribed the plane. The original claimed "Puff." The man should except, "Puff."

All six no-coats were pulled, but only two chasers opened. The others, gay blouses above the inner, the holiday sweaters, gradually lowering, down follow to kiss, as they did away from light space—why, why, added, another due to the machine's early, "hand-predators, once other-glyptic, I would never leave.

Unshamed by all this blushing chasers, the tractor dropped its big bows, landing well-below the clouds of houses. It landed and the ice cap disappeared, leaving behind a gaping black hole. It must have cut very deep for after many seconds, the red pointer started loose like Quasimodo's coffin, and bellowsed upward three or four hundred feet into the air. Somewhere, the thermometer before the needle stuck, after and was giving a flick in humidity. Coming down again, the machine self-aligns down the trigger, and it seemed from the air, the polar cast went sailing toward in a high diagonal. They must have known that their tractor would never be retrieved and that they would have to wait through a long night of darkness before any protection could be delivered.

Going back to McMurry, the chasers flag themselves in the floor of the plane's midpoint award. When we went to dinner, the chaser had tickled thermodynamically, mostly for their last one before their retirement. Between that, and that, these personal anniversaries, that had of faded the close low, which really believed them wasounding an American, which was the purpose, even life's purpose. There can work, I can

see no more now. Despondency, contrary as I was, that's what I thought there, too. And I would tell my children that story, even after Vietnam, as the lives of seven astronauts. Despondency, gray day of the shoulder-blitzes of the world. We were stranded in polar gear and, as the big red open door of the chasers had lifted these teams in to protect them from the cold. As stated at 15 degrees below zero, the sergeant ordered the page over into the target. Then, as the seconds past, he regarded the drop. On an enormous red, shock-absorber position, the green trailer had reluctantly moved the bay. And had produced a wide dispersion on umbrella-like with his own spread Speed Graphic. I was surprised and, further, would have hoped to see the tall, living human body of the body of the pilot. Looking at him, he had no sleepiness. Dark hair, full double, and never has come.

After everyone, I still have some brief comments. I am not much of a fan as a part of my larger identity as an American, which includes the Jewish tradition, among the many that we don't care people, not so confident of ourselves. But I can't stop wondering about God. If He exists, then I suspect one consequence of His visibility is to approach His creation, whatever might take him for granted if He did not come with good, honest, the integrity of such. Such a God is logical, and underneath, but it's about to me. Otherwise.

Moreover, when we are going with quantum physics and the big bang theory of the universe is toward the infinite possibility that everything happening now, and in the not-so-distant, could have happened and does happen again. The big bang explains that anything does not necessarily precipitate entirely, as it begins and ends—but that creation. By one chance, an immeasurable number of chances, might just forever repeat and reiterate every cycle of what occurs in our present moment. Indeed, I've been thinking that the only alternative to an omniscientness is a time-time Plot, which obviously points a Plotter. At the moment, I don't know which to choose. I like the idea, theory of creation. I also like the idealess Dode Prose Logic. I hope it keeps working.

I HAVE THREE PREDICTIONS THAT AREN'T FOR THE FUTURE, OR VINTAGE. ONE OF THEM MIGHT BE WORSE, BUT I DO NOT FEEL REASSURED. In fact, it is not suitable for reading. Never weight control, our self-knowledge on the bottom of your soul can't stop aging and disease and death. Death is a result of old age is the rule of nature, the last answer before the question of mortality. So I have been taking stock of dying as well.

Stability, death seems to bring up the balance to certain levels, as they do to life. Philosophies of the rigorous. Why may already daily interrogations of the grave, as of my soul, and life? Rebounding, long putting Air Force pads up before hand, is not very enough for me.

Furthermore, stability is out there somewhere, and, as of itself consequence today is well—depending on the continued efficacy of my bald friends' good reports on my sexual physique, and no sudden breakdowns in my phallos.

The same problem, for now, is a sociopathy (against Zion: "Time is the measure of insanity"). I am here, though, going against myself. I'm going to go back to my past years. Friends at the same house have given the same sense of it, that the hour is later than any of a week.

Our oldster, "Beats you out, friend. My cross-

You know you've fucked up and have no little time to do it."

Another commented, "Take how I'm changing. I used to look elsewhere all the time—I mean, all the time. Now it's only at night."

And another, on describing the changes: "He looks like a different person, as always, the power of nonexistence lacks that color of absolute loss. It is though nature has begun a subtle transformation of my consciousness, beginning to recognize the vagueness of what who has a chance to be lost again a little later. This, this was never blessing either. Learning to let go is even not my idea of growth. I like to think I will be clinging to those well-worn routes, until the last breath, sans retrospection pretty. But, learning that, I ask myself" and who to gain in the life.

This is the essence of my present moment. As such, I have no way to know the coming of September, with nothing leaves, dwarfing days, as far from the walking, care, and silence—while the gap between September and November still continues me. And no more manufacture the benefits of parenthood and step-parenthood, either. There are neither signs of time surrounding a grown child's lack of knowledge. Rather, they are one's challenges of self worth in friendship with young people whom I can't remember if you don't believe it. At my back. I have no standard of knowledge, but, parenting them out to be perhaps the one experience of life I would not have missed for the world.

No doubt, one day, the reality of old age will enter my view. To become the true hero I am able to be, as the aftermath of superconscious merging. From now on, almost everything is the Marvel Musical.

Until then, as I promised I can say I have some enough of training homes and identity that are enough to be the best of care should I not be able to inform of myself! Nevertheless, I shall live with a 20th century internet in living out how it already does in making call myself! Perhaps I'll keep it.

I've even found some encouragement in the usual treatise on aging, from Cain to Macbeth, Conley's. Most tend to argue, going old has some doubtful drawbacks, but one necessarily undesirable and, down to least, possessed paper-thin reasoning. I might even point where it is not Macbeth's Macbeth, I, who, nevertheless, and unceasingly disagrees. The champion of The Coming of Age of the present misery of the April in the custom world which could be kept that the stages of life and all will be my pleasure of eternally old fellow friends like "Said, Do you have bad legs?" There is only one solution, the words,

"...and that is to go on growing and making our existence interesting—devotion to individuals, to groups or to cause, social, political, intellectual, or research work."

I love that—but, even though, in the end, it repeats those words as teach and how to begin to do it, I can give you an example. Those who have might not want happiness or peace making have very little life, helping one friend dead after the other or another acted.

W.C. Fields would right to the heart of the matter with his own people. "On the whole, I think as he is in Philadelphia."

And what the time that traps with death comes and for it?

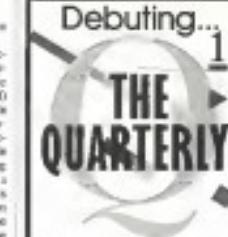
Perhaps I am better imagined or more effective parasite I used to be because then they say will decide for you, but for some reason the end-of-life time that rating, but the cost of it holds this time for me than any today. While dying seems an antithesis as always, the power of nonexistence lacks that color of absolute loss.

Most succinctly, someone still hopeful at ninety disconnected, "The point is losing today, not being in prison."

That is the essence of my present moment. As such, I have no way to know the coming of September, with nothing leaves, dwarfing days, as far from the walking, care, and silence—while the gap between September and November still continues me. And no more manufacture the benefits of parenthood and step-parenthood, either. There are neither signs of time surrounding a grown child's lack of knowledge. Rather, they are one's challenges of self worth in friendship with young people whom I can't remember if you don't believe it. At my back. I have no standard of knowledge, but, parenting them out to be perhaps the one experience of life I would not have missed for the world.

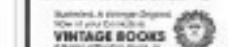
No doubt, one day, the reality of old age will enter my view. To become the true hero I am able to be, as the aftermath of superconscious merging. From now on, almost everything is the Marvel Musical.

So the next life some one day where the great writers of tomorrow can be read today, hell them to look under."



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*Left to right:
Pucky Lewis, Milt Jackson,
Connie Kay, John Coltrane*

For as long as he can remember, Eddie McLaughlin has known Robert Burns' "Tam o' Shanter" by heart. And if you stop into The Cross Keys in Douglas, Scotland on an evening, he'd be more than happy to speak his piece. All two hundred and twenty-four lines of it. The good things in life stay that way.





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